

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 15, 1968 \$0.25 (U.S.)

THE BEST HIGH SCHOOL PLAYER IN AMERICA

Mansfield's Tom McMillen



A Mild Sensation is what most people look for and almost never find.

It is a rare Scotch drinker indeed who forms a lifelong kinship with one Scotch. It's not that we're wanderers by nature. But by taste.

And perhaps what we're looking for has never been made. At least until now.

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You wouldn't want it any sooner. Because we found that it takes no less than eight years to make a smooth Scotch. Which is why we wait.

And then what most Scotch drinkers look for is easier to find. Because what we're making is more than just light Scotch.

It's a Mild Sensation.

Ambassador...The Mild Sensation.
Mellowed 8 years.



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(THAT'S THE SAME AS HAVING \$191¹⁵* TAKEN OFF THE STICKER PRICE.)

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OF DRIVING
IN STYLE.

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SWINGER
AUTOMATIC
SALE!



DODGE DART SWINGER 2-DOOR HARDTOP

Dodge



Jerry West and Joe Anderson, two great movers, compare defenses against the fast break.



Jerry West, Los Angeles Lakers Guard, one of the NBA's all-time leading scorers and the Lakers leading play maker

"Knowing that a fast break is going to develop takes mental telepathy, something most basketball players can't develop. A fast break is one of the hardest plays to defend against. However, we usually know who uses it as part of their offense . . . like the Detroit Pistons.

My basic defense is a matter of being alert and knowing where my man is, even when I'm shooting. If our opponents clear the boards, I've got to move to maybe intercept or deflect a pass as they go down court.

Sometimes when I go down court quickly, I find myself alone against a two or three on one. In that case, I'll do almost anything to stop a shot. I'll take a free throw instead of a sure basket any day."

Joe Anderson, Lincoln Land Moving and Storage, Champagne, Illinois, one of American Red Ball's leading agents.

"Knowing that a fast break could happen during one of our moves takes the same kind of mental telepathy Jerry West admits he can't come up with. But like Jerry, we anticipate by knowing the move thoroughly.

Our basic defense against breaks are trained moving specialists with lots of savvy. And American Red Ball provides them with the equipment to defense most situations. From extra wide doors on the van, to special equipment for bulky furniture, even air-ride to cushion moves over bumps.

Our customers find an American Red Ball moving specialist using exclusive Red Carpet Service will do almost anything to eliminate a fast break. So, Jerry, bring on the Pistons . . . if they're planning on moving."

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Credits on page 85

Next week

SKI RACING'S 1970 showdown, the FIS World Alpine Championship, is taking shape in the Dolomites of Italy—and race watcher Dan Jenkins is set to report from slopeside.

A SPEED SPLURGE is in prospect as the top stock cars converge for the Daytona 500-mile race. Photographer Philip Leonian tunes in on the merry mood of a zip-routting event.

VILLAINOUS WRESTLERS are a commonplace, but none are so beastly as Victor the Bear, who lives in a limousine, drinks Kool-Aid, suspects he's human and hasn't lost in years.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated

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PRECOLLEGIATE CAROL HEISS, JIM RYAN AND RICK MOUNT MAKE THEIR DEBUTS ON DIS COVER

Athletes whose likenesses appear on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* usually are stars whose ascendancy has been established in adult competition, but we also keep a constant watch on the arenas of the less mature. Our hope, of course, is to spot some special glow on the sporting horizon that means a new star is about to rise. Such a glow has been cast by young Tom McMillen, the high school basketballer from Mansfield, Pa. who appears on this week's cover and whose story is told by Peter Curry on pages 28-31.

Many successful athletes, among them Arthur Ashe, Lew Alcindor, Bob Beamon, Jerry Lucas, Terry Bradshaw, Calvin Murphy and Jim McDaniels, were singled out for notice by *SI* while they were still in high school and mentioned with pictures in the section we call *FACTS IN THE CROWD* (page 65). But only a few precollege athletes besides McMillen have made the cover. They include Olympic figure skater Carol Heiss (Feb. 2, 1955); archer Ann Marston (Aug. 8, 1955); swimmers Chris von Saltza (July 21, 1958) and Becky Collins (July 13, 1959); golfer Judy Torluemke (Aug. 21, 1961); Olympic swimmer Donna de Varona (April 16, 1962); world-record miler Jim Ryan (Sept. 14, 1964); six-time Olympic swimming-medalist Don Schollander (Oct. 5, 1964); female track stars Janell Smith and Marie Mulder (May 10, 1965); and All-American basketballer Rick Mount (Feb. 14,

1966), who first appeared on our cover wearing a Lebanon, Ind. high school letter jacket.

Like Mount, Tom McMillen was first brought to the attention of the editors as a possibility for *FACTS*. John Travers, our correspondent in Harrisburg, Pa., told us about McMillen, a young man who had pumped in 1,855 points for his team during his first two high school seasons. This scoring pace was higher than that of any other Pennsylvania schoolboy player and high enough to engage the attention of *SI*'s basketball editor, Andrew Crichton. Crichton sent Curry over to Mansfield to watch McMillen at work.

Curry was impressed by McMillen's skill the first time he saw him play and even more so at a later date when he dared to play against Tom in a scrub game and ended up with a sprained ankle.

On subsequent visits with McMillen, the writer found much besides mere skill in basketball to impress him about Tom and his remarkable family. All of these qualities seem certain in time to make Tom's name and face as readily familiar to our readers as those of some of the other graduates of *FACTS IN THE CROWD*.

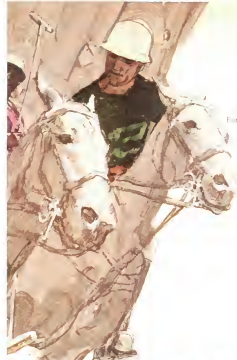
Click Mount

Photography: JERRY L. BROWN, George J. Hootington (1955-56); Thomas A. 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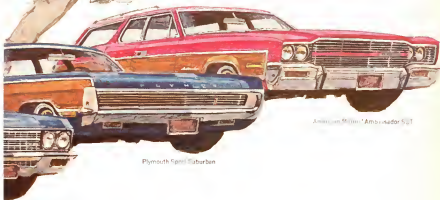
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A man with a joyful expression is leaning over the railing of a ship's deck. He is holding a can of Schlitz beer in his right hand. The ship's deck, with its ropes and railings, is visible in the foreground. The background shows a vast, choppy ocean under a clear sky.

You only go around once in life.
So grab for all the gusto you can.
Even in the beer you drink.
Why settle for less?

When you're out of Schlitz,
you're out of beer.



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CRAMER

INCIDENT AT FORT COLLINS

A group of Colorado State students asked college authorities for permission to hold a protest demonstration against Brigham Young University at a basketball game between the two last week at Fort Collins, Colo. Permission was denied, the protesters demonstrated anyway, a fight broke out, police were called, there were injuries and arrests. It is difficult to determine whether the protesters were too aggressive, spectators too antagonistic or college authorities too shortsighted and unprepared for eventualities, but the ugly fact remains: sport is becoming more and more a part of the arena of social and political antagonism. It may be impossible and even undesirable to keep politics out of sport, but that does not mean that political violence—from either side of the fence—should be fostered.

TALE OF A TAPE

The Sunday night after the Kansas City Chiefs won the Super Bowl, a rerun of the game was telecast over KCMO-TV, the CBS affiliate in Kansas City. That seemed logical and innocent enough, but it turned out that KCMO had blithely ignored the admonition aired during the game that no reproduction of the telecast could be shown without permission from the football commissioner's office. When officials there heard about the unauthorized rerun, they quietly requested and got the tape from the station, which apparently realized that it might be vulnerable to possible legal action.

Time passed, and after awhile people in Kansas City began asking the station to run the tape of the game again and advertisers began lining up to buy spots on the show. But nothing happened. Finally E. K. Harzenbower, general manager of KCMO, went on the air and explained that there would not be another rerun because the NFL would not give permission for it. The NFL, never terribly popular in AFL-oriented Kansas City, lost points, and Commis-

sioner Pete Rozelle, even though he had not been involved in the affair (the player draft and the federal gambling investigation having prior call on his time), was being test-run as a potential villain.

Then things began to smooth out. The league office decided to give permission for a rerun when Kitty Clover potato chips, which paid a modest fee for the right to use the tape, agreed that no commercials would be used except for fund-raising appeals for Children's Mercy Hospital in Kansas City. And KCMO said it would donate the time charges for the telecast to the hospital fund.

Everybody was happy. Kitty Clover had a nice dignified promotion, KCMO was on the side of the angels, Chiefs fans could relive their glorious victory and the NFL was back in the good graces of its new constituents. The mollifying rerun was scheduled for Feb. 15, and by happy coincidence Pete Rozelle was due in town Feb. 16 to speak at a dinner honoring the Chiefs.

YOU'D THINK I HAD . . .

There is a new fishing lure on the market that smells—on command. Made by the Woodstream Corporation, it uses a plastic impregnated with a fishy smell that is released when the lure becomes wet. When the lure dries, the remaining scent (there is enough for about 20 hours of continuous fishing) is sealed in till next time. You can test it for smellability by simply breathing on it. That's no reflection on you—the moisture in your breath brings out the odor in the lure—but it gives you an eerie feeling to breathe gently on an inoffensive bit of plastic and get back *eau de lake bottom*.

PROGRESS TO NOWHERE

It is difficult to ascribe to anything but greed the National Basketball Association's decision to add four new franchises to the 14-team league. The \$14.8 million the owners will receive from the new franchises (\$3.7 million apiece) will help several losing clubs climb out of

the red this year. Next year, with four more losers, even more new franchises may be needed. And then the playing talent can be further diluted until some pro clubs become not much better than the top college teams—or perhaps not as good—a fact that could become apparent to spectators, live and on TV.

WAKING GIANT

Sport in China, a casualty of the Cultural Revolution that began in 1966, seems to be reviving. More and more factory workers are again taking part in gymnastics, running, swimming, basketball and soccer, although the basketball and soccer matches are "played with profound class feelings," according to a Chinese newspaper article quoted in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. "They would rather lose the game than hum others," says the article. "They played not to see who was champion, but for unity, for sportsmanship. It was a sharp contrast



with the champion-is-everything type of match advocated by Liu Shao-chi [now in disrepute] and his agents."

Before the Red Guards began their upheaval, China's most popular sport was table tennis (more than 70 million table tennis balls were manufactured in 1965), and Chuang Tse-tung, world champion from 1961 through 1965 and since rumored dead or in jail (54, May 5, 1969), has reemerged as a sports hero. He was the prime attraction a few months

continued



Ted Williams says:

"This new Sears 'Gamefisher' is one great fishing boat."

"If you fish as much as I do, you probably have a lot of ideas about boats. How to make them better."

So when Sears asked me to help design a new one, I jumped at the chance.

We even brought in a marine engineer. Now how many engineers do you find designing a 12-foot fiber glass fishing boat?

He came up with a unique hull design. One that makes this boat ride steadier in any kind of water.

Next, came my ideas. Rod holders, ice chest, baiting board, rod storage grooves—all but I right into the boat. Then Sears had the boat molded into one solid piece of fiber glass. There's not a weld or seam to leak.

We had a great boat, but we made sure it was put through a series of tests for strength and safety. Passed 'em all with flying colors. Then I took it down to the Keys. Spent a lot of time in it. And I've got to say, it's just a great fishing boat. And I put this check mark in it.



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SCORECARD

ago at a sports evening in Peking attended by 18,000 Chinese and 2,000 foreigners. If such renewed emphasis on sport means that China is going to return to international competition, its impact on sport will be considerable, and not just in table tennis. With a population of 700 million to draw on, the Chinese can become powers in track and field (Ni Chih-chin leaped 7' 5½" in 1966, best high jump in the world that year), speed skating, soccer or almost anything else they choose to concentrate on.

SORRY ABOUT THIS

Three somewhat indigent British lords, unable to compete with a neighboring duke in the estate-touring business, pooled their resources and bought a lion. A publicity photo of the three owners standing behind their tourist attraction duly appeared in the newspapers, though, unhappily, the photo was not as clear as it might have been. "Is that you on the end there?" one of the three was asked by a friend. "No, no," he replied. "I'm the middle lion barker."

MAGIC CARPET

A Hovercraft, that interesting boat that rides not on water but just over it on a cushion of air, has had its versatility dramatically demonstrated. A 10-ton Hovercraft carrying 26 scientists, writers, photographers and crewmen from six different countries recently completed a 5,000-mile, 85-day journey up and down rivers and across lakes in 11 countries in west and central Africa. It zoomed over miles of previously impassable water, including the unnavigable Stanley Rapids of the Congo River, and went into remote areas where no Europeans had ever been. The serious purpose of the trip was to explore Africa's rich potential, but it is hard not to let your mind drift to the past and wonder whether Stanley wouldn't have found Livingstone in a week if he had had a Hovercraft.

ONE FOR THE BETTORS

A provision of the new tax law no longer excludes gambling winnings from income averaging. This means that if a bettor wins big during one year, he now can average that exceptionally high income with other income over a five-year period. It does not mean that he can average losing years with winning ones, because in any given year gambling loss-

es that exceed winnings are not deductible. It simply means that he can spread his winnings out to reduce the tax bite.

Some gamblers hold that losses should be deductible, but the Government does not agree, partly because food, rent, clothing and other such are not deductible and partly because checking out the validity of wagering losses could be a job of nightmarish proportions. Other gamblers concede that losses should not be deductible but argue that winnings should be tax-free. They say that legitimate gambling is under close state supervision and that a bet at the racetrack, for example, is taxed heavily to begin with.

Don't bet they win the argument.

LOGICAL SPLIT

The implication was made here a few weeks ago that the Western College Hockey Association was in danger of falling apart because the Big Ten schools within the association were thinking of forming their own league. But that gloomy prognostication apparently was ill-founded. What the Big Ten schools probably will form is their own division within the WCHA, while the rest of the league, Denver, Michigan Tech, North Dakota, Colorado College and the University of Minnesota at Duluth, will become another. Far from being left out in the cold, this latter group will comprise one of the strongest college hockey circuits in the country.

CHECK THAT SCORE

Odd scores keep popping up in sport, but seldom do you get a parlay like this: in the same week, late in January, Beaverton beat Buren 37-2 in an amateur hockey game in Oregon, while in high school basketball in Kansas, Jackson Heights defeated Dover 4-0. Sounds as though the coaches got on the wrong bus.

HORSE TRADERS

Pat Livingston of Pittsburgh takes umbrage at the comment (SI, Feb. 9) that "Pittsburgh has never seen the likes of Terry Bradshaw." Bradshaw is the superlative quarterback from Louisiana Tech whom the Steelers made their No. 1 pick in the pro football draft. Livingston makes the point that while the Steelers may not have fielded a quarterback like Bradshaw, they sure have seen the likes of him. Though, he has-

sens to add, the club has also shown a remarkable propensity for letting such brilliant prospects slip through its fingers. The Steelers in their time have had and given up on several championship quarterbacks—Sad Luckman, Frank Fildchick, Tommy Thompson, Jack Kemp, Len Dawson, Earl Morrill, Bill Nelsen and Johnny Unitas, any one of whom might have helped bring Pittsburgh the NFL title it never won. Now Bradshaw (or Terry Hanratty, who as a rookie in 1969 led the Steelers in throwing touchdown passes even though he played less than four full games) may guide the club to an American Conference championship—unless the Steelers see another good trade in the offing.

ALL'S FAIR

Stanford University is sore. Or, at any rate, its sports publicity man is. Bob Murphy says he is tired of the artificial-grass people yacking all the time about how much safer their stuff is than the real thing (Stanford uses plain old grass in its stadium). He claims that Stanford's football team had only one knee injury all last season, and that was in an away game on artificial turf. "What really burns us," Murphy cries, "is the way some coaches will tell the mothers of kids they are trying to recruit, 'You wouldn't want your boy to break his leg playing on ordinary grass, would you?'"

THEY SAID IT

- John McKenna, VMI football coach who quit to become assistant athletic director at Georgia Tech, on why he would not return to coaching: "I wouldn't go through the business of re-coaching again, of fawning on teen-age athletes."
- John (Beans) Reardon, former umpire, on receiving the Bill Klem Award at a Houston banquet: "I'm very glad to receive the Klem Award, but I'll tell you the truth, Klem hated my guts and I hated his."
- Dr. Harold E. Kenney, former Illinois wrestling coach, on karate: "It's a form of Oriental offensive grunting. If a man using karate has laryngitis, he is doomed."
- Jack Hurley, veteran boxing manager, on his decision to sell heavyweight Boone Kirkman's contract for \$150,000: "It's better to have something in the pocket in case the police come."

END

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Fort Howard Paper

Green Bay, Wisconsin 54303

SONNY SNIFFS A DERBY

In his first start of the season Sonny Werblin's Silent Screen put on a plucky show at Hialeah as the 3-year-old there and at Santa Anita launched the campaign that leads to Churchill Downs in May **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Although major winter racing officially began with Hialeah's Jan. 16 opening, it was not until last week that fans there and in California warmed to the task at hand: early evaluation of the 3-year-olds who are expected to start in the Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes. And on both coasts the challenge was stiff.

At Hialeah, where cold and wet weather has contributed to a decrease of 6.5% in attendance and 4.8% in mutual handle, the newly turned sophomores were out in force, not necessarily demonstrating classic-distance stamina but showing a classy turn of speed that is bound to promote Triple Crown speculation, a Hialeah trademark for 43 years. The highlight of the week, of course, was the season's first start for Sonny Werblin's 1969 2-year-old champion, Silent Screen, who wound up his last campaign with five straight victories and \$397,966. Away from competition for three months, the son of Prince John and Prayer Bell, who cost Werblin \$39,000 as a Saratoga yearling (and who is now insured for \$1½ million), was up to the task, although not by much. Trailing George Lewis by two lengths at the 16th pole of the seven-furlong Bahamas, Silent Screen wore down the tiring leader in the last few yards to win by a head. It was a game performance and a credit to the patient training methods of Bowes Bond and to the cool riding ability of Jockey John Rott.

Does this mean that Silent Screen

should be even more of a Derby winter-book favorite? To some, maybe, but Werblin and Bond have been around horses long enough to realize that it's a tough job holding a maturing 3-year-old together during three months of demanding prep races. Immediately after The Bahamas, in which he covered the seven furlongs in a highly respectable 1:23 over a slightly dull track, Silent Screen managed to throw a scare into his people. "He nicked himself just a hair away from the tendon in his left hind leg," said Bond, "but thank goodness it didn't fill."

Silent Screen has grown into a medium-size chestnut of about 1,100 pounds and stands 15 hands 3 inches. "He is pliable to train and I wouldn't call him a delicate eater," says Bond. "But there's no question he's had his problems since arriving in Florida, and we've got to avoid any more of them." Although the colt's ankles at times look a little shopworn, Bond considers them sufficiently tight for the rigors ahead. "He doesn't need much work to get ready for his races," says Bond, "and at all costs we want to avoid overracing him."

Only 10 went to the post in The Bahamas and three wouldn't even have been in Florida had it not been for the delayed opening at Santa Anita. George Lewis, Insubordination and Protanto were all scheduled for West Coast racing this winter. George Lewis, sired by Envoy, an unraced son of Bold Ruler, won Hialeah's six-furlong Hibiscus in a

snappy 1:09½, but even at that distance he was tiring at the finish. After The Bahamas he was shipped to Santa Anita, where the opposition, at least at the sprint distances, may not be as tough.

Insubordination, whose sire, Semi-Pro, is a full brother to Swaps, has now been beaten four straight by Silent Screen. The third invader from California last week was Charles Engelhard's Protanto, a runner-up to Forum in the Garden State and later the winner of the Remsen at Aqueduct. Trainer MacKenzie Miller first sent him to Buddy Hirsch at Santa Anita, then transferred him to Elliott Burch at Hialeah. A son of Native Dancer and a Tom Fool mare, Protanto has the potential to be a good one. After quickly discovering that the colt was something of a hell-raiser around the barn and disliked his morning works with a passion, Burch put him in The Bahamas, where he ran a steady and even seventh. "It was better than I thought he'd do," said Burch. "And he'll do better before long."

Burch himself has something in Owner Paul Mellon's barn that might also do better before long. He is a half brother to Arts and Letters named Bell Bird, by Sea-Bird. "Brothers seldom work out, you know," says Burch, "and I'm not selling myself on him yet. If it's a bad crop he might have a shot, but so far

continued

Wishing their way into the winner's circle, Sonny (left) and party rest for their colt, here a nose behind. He was up at the wire.





he doesn't move very well and he seldom seems to be trying very hard. We'll try him with blinkers from now on and hope for improvement."

There is another Sea-Bird at Hialeah who should be ready by Flamingo time. His name is Bird Alane, the \$210,000 yearling purchase of Anne Ford Johnson's Watermill Farms. Shin trouble kept him away from the races last season, but he has won both his Hialeah starts thus far. More important, both of them were at the Flamingo distance of a mile and an eighth. "He is a smooth apple with a great disposition," says Trainer V. J. (Lefty) Nickerson, "but for \$210,000 he should be a smooth apple."

Manna is loaded with other 3-year-olds of various talents, many destined

to improve as they slowly come to hand. There is George Widener's Pontifex, a colt by Jasper, who won last summer's Flash and Saratoga Special. The Phosphores are represented by The Draftsman, somewhat of a disappointment thus far, by Irish Castle, last year's Hopeful winner, and by Brave Emperor. The Garden State champion, Forum, appears to be suffering from the jinx that has followed so many of its winners. Right after he got to Hialeah in the care of Trainer Gene Jacobs he stepped on a stone and bruised his right foreleg. Although he has come around satisfactorily in recent weeks, he still needs considerable time before getting to the races. Slow-starting High Echelon, winner of The Futurity and the Pimlico-Laurel Fu-

turity last fall, beat only one horse in The Bahamas, but one never knows what to expect of a Hirsch Jacobs colt when the purses get richer. Among the others is an English-bred named Double Splash who has been turned over to a rookie trainer, Bill Boland, by English Owner David Sandeman. He won three of his five races in France last year and is by the former top English 2-year-old, Double Jump. "Double Splash will be pointed for the Kentucky Derby and the Derby alone," says Sandeman. "And if Double Splash fails, I'll be back again the following year with another outstanding contender, and again and again until I win."

That sort of optimism is welcome at Hialeah—and Churchill Downs.

A DELAYED START—BUT NO HOUSING PROJECT by ALFRED WRIGHT

Last Tuesday came on so late you could see the outline of the nearby mountains through the smog, and in this idyllic setting Santa Anita Park finally braced itself for an avalanche of dollars. For five weeks there had been an unsettling tilt to the community as the pockets of horseplayers overflowed with unbet gold, and now the horseplayers were to be released—26,515 of them at once and all primed to dump their accumulated savings on the mutual clerks of Santa Anita. To show how serious the situation had become, statisticians tabulated that over the 27-day racing drought caused by a strike of pari-mutuel clerks, the State of California had been deprived of more than \$5 million in taxes, the horsemen nearly \$2 million in purses and the racetrack itself another \$2 million in revenue of its own.

On opening day the mutual clerks manned their windows apprehensively—and well they might have. After all, they were the ones who had stood for 27 dreary raceless days like Horatio at the bridge resolutely blocking the horseplayers' God-given constitutional right to squander their money. What the clerks wanted was a \$15 daily raise in three annual installments of \$5 each to add to the \$50 a year they had been getting. The track offered \$2 a day over three

years for a total of \$6, and for five weeks nobody budged. Nobody even met, and for a time it looked as if Santa Anita might just tear down its gorgeous blue-green grandstand and pave over its flower-filled infield to make room for a housing project and supermarket. Then the racetrack made a slight concession—an extra \$1 a day for the first year of a 2½-year contract, a total raise of \$7. The clerks accepted the offer.

To be absolutely frank, those 26,515 who showed up were a trifle disappointing for an opening day, unless measured in terms of hard-core punters. Yet they could hardly have been that, since the mutual handle for the day was something under \$100 per person, which is Santa Anita's normal weekday average. Either the horseplayers had been dabbling in the stock market for lack of something better to do or else times were turning bad. Santa Anita officials leaned toward the latter conclusion, noting that attendance and betting were off in Florida and Maryland as well. To confirm these suspicions, attendance through the rest of the week lagged well below the 20,000-a-day average of recent years.

Naturally, the real losers from the strike have been the horsemen, whose pets have been loitering around the barn consuming hay and oats like overstuffed dowagers on a Hawaiian holiday. The 3-year-olds, who by this time should be sorting themselves into Derby prospects and dog meat, are either still breaking

their maidens or else trying to sneeze their way into one of the overnight allowance races that Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe is wedging into his abbreviated schedule. George Lewis, the best of California's juveniles last year, had already defected to Florida along with Charles Engelhard's Protanto, but he was back home this week after his loss in The Bahamas.

By Thursday seven of the better 3-year-old prospects turned out for a six-furlong sprint that was won with surprising ease by Away From Holme, the latest of the fine offspring that Verma Lea Farms has produced in Arkansas from the excellent stallion, Naholme II, the sire of Nodouble. In the following race Knight In Armor, a Round Table colt from the Kerr Stables, broke his maiden by an easy eight lengths against some well-bred opposition, including a Herbager colt called Fundy Bay and The Siedgshammer, by Greentree's The Axe II. And on Saturday, Willie Shoemaker rode Verne Winchell's Great Epic to his first win of the season in a six-furlong allowance.

"The most important change caused by the strike," Kilroe says, "is that we have had to cut the Strub Stakes for 4-year-olds to a mile and an eighth because there was no chance for the horses to train up to the longer distance. There isn't much you can say about the 3-year-olds yet. As far as we're concerned, it's still December."

END

The pleasant visits at Santa Anita seemed especially handsome as the horses were announced on the first day after the strike.

SHOW BIZ IS OUT, BOXING IS IN

After a decade of alarms and excursions, Joe Frazier and Jimmy Ellis—shunning horseplay and hysteria—bring only their fighting talents to the task of deciding who is the 'official' heavyweight champion by MARK KRAM

Whatever else the ring was in the late decade, it was splendid theater. It became a strange arena, a dim stage on which Floyd Patterson chased a torment known only to him, on which Sonny Liston stepped, the personification of evil, only to leave as a pathetic figure, his menace forever stripped. Then came Cassius Clay, assaulting the sensibilities of a nation and transcending the ring-stage to move into history.

Goodbye to all of that, and what has gone is in sharp juxtaposition to what awaits the ring in the new decade, an era that begins with the heavyweight title fight between Jimmy Ellis and Joe Frazier next Monday night in Madison Square Garden. They are two fighters who will at last restore order to the ring, and may move the sport in a new direction, away from social revolution, racial invective and participants who are characters out of Dostoevski.

For the first time since the uncomfortable scuttling of Ali, the title—split asunder by New York and the WBA—will be reunited. Though lacking theater on a grand scale, it is a fight that has long been anticipated, a meeting of two men who come with passions that more closely correspond to the plain, hard conventions of the ring. The immense backdrop of the past somehow obscures their presence, but what Frazier and Ellis will bring to the Garden will be real, unornamented and, perhaps, even truly memorable.

Without doubt the fight is a release for them, an exit out of limbo. It is their chance, so long denied and impeded, to unburden themselves of pressures, first begun by the taunts of Ali himself, then continued by the shadow of Ali and finally by the mere existence of each other. The sense of the moment is obvious in their camps, and each feels it in his own way: Ellis, often anxious but now unaffectedly confident and jocular; Frazier, unusually tense and withdrawn and again talking of early retirement. Neither is concerned that both

are scorned or ignored by those who are perpetually entranced by the inflated romance and myth of other times.

Nobody, it appears, really knows their names, but this is not because of any lack of talent on their part. Ellis and Frazier are private people, unwilling or unable to talk of what they are about and of who they are, the kind of people who have moved through their lives of no issues and small demands and hoped for just any old slice of the American Dream. It is difficult—for all their once-imperished lives—to separate them from that gray and last bulwark of the Protestant ethic, the America of fervent belief in virtue and hard work and warm family life. "I've never seen anything like it," says one boxing manager of the Doc Kearns tradition. "I don't know what's

gonna happen to boxing. These guys are so unknown that the government don't even send them income tax forms."

True, it may be that the heavyweight division, which is boxing, cannot afford the absence of theater, the lack of a dimensional, commanding figure at the top, but Frazier and Ellis are rare in their own way. On honest toil and sheer excellence of craft, neither can be suspect. Frazier and Ellis need only remember all of the pedestrian performers immediately before them already being celebrated by imaginative recall. Hopefully, in the future, no one will have to embellish Frazier vs. Ellis.

In the argot of the gym the fight itself, which is expected to draw a house in excess of half a million dollars, is "uncasy," meaning that the price, at pres-

If Ellis allows Frazier to come at him squarely, fending him off with jabs, the tested Frazier technique will be to slip the jab and hook to the body. Often he doubles up on the hooks.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RANDOLLE

ent 4 to 1 Frazier, should be much tighter. It also means that nobody is seriously studying the form on Ellis, who would qualify as a sensible wager at even money. For those who have trailed Ellis across the last three years, it is not at all inconceivable that he could knock out Frazier inside of 10 rounds, maybe quite early. It is not exaggeration to say that Ellis may possess one of the quickest, most punishing straight right hands ever seen in a ring. Leonis Martin, once a very destructive gentleman, would support that assessment. Those who were present will not forget the flash and crack of that right in the Martin fight, the punch that started Martin toward a dressing-room table where he would lie seven rounds later, his face devastated.

Comparing records is often dull and unilluminating, but certain evidence evolves from the charts of Ellis and Frazier. First there is Ellis, who thrashed Martin at a time when Frazier would not walk on the same side of the street with him. Later Ellis did the best piece of work anyone has ever done on Oscar Bonavena, then he beat a misguided Jerry Quarry in a disciplined, dreary bout

for the WBA title. His first and last defense of his title was against Floyd Patterson in Stockholm, a fight which he won—if he won, and I think he did—in the final minutes. Patterson was the one bad fight for Ellis. Because of the obstinacy of many people (including, possibly, Ellis himself) and the collapse of several promotions, Ellis has not fought in more than 15 months. He has never lost a fight as a heavyweight, though as a poorly handled middleweight he was beaten several times.

Joe Frazier, of course, has never been beaten. The champion of six states, he won his title in a bout with an uninspired Buster Mathis. In July 1967 he disassembled one of the great catchers of all time, George Chuvalo. In this fight he accomplished the unimaginable—he made Chuvalo want to quit. Frazier then came back against Manuel Ramos, Oscar Bonavena and Dave Zygiewicz. Ramos, gallant enough, tried to bang with Frazier, and Zygiewicz, well, he was just a victim. Jerry Quarry, once again misguided, was Joe's last dissection, last June. The one fighter who has been troublesome for Frazier is Oscar Bonavena; he has fought 25 rounds

with Oscar, who is strong but quite ineffectual. In their first fight, during Joe's incubation period, Oscar knocked him down twice in one round. In his title series Joe's one bad fight was again Bonavena.

What do the records reveal? Of Ellis, we know this: he is extremely dangerous, especially early in a fight. He follows instructions closely. He can be vicious with either hand, and the straight right is the kind of punch that can reach Frazier. Ellis is not easily intimidated. He can take a good wallop, and his valor is unimpeachable; with a broken nose and bruised hand, suffered early, he still fought off Patterson. On form, one can expect Ellis to try to be careful and intelligent against Frazier. He will not box him for 15 rounds but will choose to fight him at his own convenience. His main concern, though, will be the destruction of Frazier's rhythm, which he will try to achieve by spinning or taking a half-step to the right or left as Frazier advances. On the timing of that simple maneuver (see *drawings*) much depends.

We know this, too, of Frazier: he is ubiquitous, relentless and a thrilling puncher of volume to the head and body. His best weapon, the one that is just as crippling as his bearlike swipes, is his rhythm—that pace is directed by a music he alone hears. It is intimidating and, if you are not of a proper professional mind, the starkness of it alone can be defeating. He is a special fighter, one who makes us all feel better for being in his presence, a producer who will try to give us—for \$100 as it is now, or \$3.50 as it was not so long ago—the best of what he has, and this in itself is something we so seldom see anywhere.

There are only a few questions. Will Ellis, who has had a stamina problem on occasion, handle the sheer physicality of Frazier? Can he "mess Joe around"? As for Frazier, predatory and groggy, can he deal with the strokes and style of an Ellis, can he cope with the frustration of attacking a disciplined, discreet opponent? It took Frazier six losing rounds before he finally frisked an unintelligent and then suddenly comatose Buster Mathis. This fight is, in the end, a fine sorting out, a primordial, untheatrical moment for two men who have survived a testing of spirit and will tread firmly—and maybe indelibly—in boxing's next decade.

END

What Ellis probably will try to do is either take a half-step to the right and throw his own right over the top (below), or slide to the left and hook to Frazier's head or body.





RISE OF THE BOSSY IVIES

The league of privileged scholars has two nationally ranked teams now and its best crop of freshmen ever

by JOE JARES

A certain school, not noted for its academic excellence, met the basketball champions of the Ivy League in the NCAA regionals more than a decade ago. The school's coach gathered his squad around him just before the tip-off and gestured toward the Ivies. "Look at those unmentionables over there," he said. "I want you to go out and beat the living stuffing out of them because in five years you'll be working for them!"

The economic relationship has not changed much (a recent study shows that the average Ivy League graduate earns \$100,000 more in his lifetime than the average non-Ivy graduate), but the frustrating thing for all the Brand X schools these days is that the Ivy intellectuals are beginning to make a habit of drubbing their future employees. The worst offenders so far this year are at Penn, where graduates of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce can look forward to an average starting salary of \$270 a week. The Quaker basketball team is 11-1 against all outsiders and still unbeaten after eight Ivy League games.

Penn is a well-balanced team that plays good stingy defense despite having no senior in the starting five. Its only loss was to Purdue—by three points—in New York's Holiday Festival in a Christmas vacation period that saw Dartmouth beat the host team and finish second in the Vanderbilt Classic. Yale won the Rainbow Classic, Cornell beat BYU and Villanova in the Quaker City Tournament and Columbia smothered Wake Forest and Villanova en route to second place in the same tournament.

Quaker star Bob Morse (31) lifts a shot over straining Rhodes scholar Heyward Dotson

The Ivy League does other things that are strictly against the code. Heyward Dotson, a high-scoring Columbia guard, actually skipped one of the Lions' games to be interviewed for a Rhodes scholarship. His coach, Jack Rohan, and his teammates gave him their blessings, then won without him as Forward Jim McMillan scored 44 points. Dotson, following in the sneakerprints of Princeton's Bill Bradley, won the scholarship. Rohan, an associate professor who feels his teaching assignments hamper his recruiting, was pleased but not surprised. Three seniors from last year's 20-4 team, including one who was first in his class in the engineering school, were accepted by Columbia's choosy School of Law.

But by and large, of Penn is the liveliest place in the league right now and—particularly on the nights when the Main Line alumni, future bankers and brokers from the Wharton School and lots of plain, unaccredited people crowd into the Palestra to watch the basketball team—the jumpiest spot in Philadelphia. It is extra fun at Penn because the Quakers are in two leagues, the Ivy and Philadelphia's Big Five city league, which includes those four perennial seekers after national fortune, Temple, St. Joseph's, Villanova and La Salle, all of which Penn has already beaten.

Coach Dick Harter, in his fourth year as headman, has put together a cohesive yet diverse team. Sophomore Bob Morse, 6' 8", is a Quaker who is a Quaker and he is not only the best shot on the team but the best student. Center Jim Wolf, 6' 8", who picked Penn from among 134 schools that wanted him, is a defensive ace who cares not at all about points. Guard Dave Wohl was an all-state quarterback at East Brunswick, N.J. but has given up football. Sophomore Corky Calhoun from Waukegan, Ill. grew two inches over the summer to 6' 7", and Harter swears he will play backcourt in the pros. He guards the toughest opposing forward.

Last of the starters is Guard Steve Bilsky. He is small—5' 10"—and he does not get a penny out of the school. His father is a New York attorney and able to pay the more than \$4,000 a year it costs to put a student through Penn, and in the Ivy League if you can pay you do, even if you are Lew Alcindor. Bilsky seems tiny on the court, but Harter starts

him anyway because of his shooting and his knack of drawing fouls.

Beyond these five there are several seniors with lots of experience and the two top substitutes, sophomore swingman Al Cotler and junior Forward John Koller. It is a team with spirit and plenty of what it takes to be ranked among the country's strongest college teams—but the whole thing was almost blown by something that could happen only in the Ivy League.

After Yale became embroiled with the NCAA over the participation of Jack Langer in the Maccabiah Games in Israel last summer Bilsky and Cotler, who had turned down invitations, said that with the Ivy title at stake and the risk of jeopardizing other Penn athletes with chances at NCAA titles, they had "no decision at all."

Yes, there was, said John Koller, who decided to quit the team before he was persuaded at a special team meeting that it would not be a blot on his conscience forever if he failed to react. Still, Koller was some time simmering down. "It was such a blatant denial of the personal rights of Steve and Al," he said, "that I thought it presented an opportunity for the university and the league to stand up for the principles they had established for themselves."

"Whoa!" said other Penn men, who remembered the last time they took the Ivy title in 1966. They were ruled out of the national championship because the league and the NCAA were battling over the 1.6 academic rule.

With that controversy and the Big Five out of the way, and Heyward Dotson safely stamped as a Rhodes scholar, Penn and Columbia were free to play a little basketball last week in the Lions' cramped gym, which has more pillars than the Parthenon, all inside. Both teams were undefeated in Ivy play, Penn having beaten Princeton twice despite the Tigers' two fine pro prospects, John Hummer and Jeff Petrie.

It was a case of two superior seniors, Dotson and McMillan, against the deep Penn squad, and depth turned out to be the winner. Calhoun and Wohl took turns watching Dotson, but each quickly drew three fouls trying to stop him from streaking to the basket or executing the tricky in-close moves he learned as a New York City schoolboy. However, Dotson, perhaps hampered by an

injured thumb, made only four of 12 free throws in the first half and that, combined with Wolf's excellent defensive job on All-America McMillan, kept cold-shooting Penn within a point of Columbia at halftime. Calhoun played in the second half, but Wohl sat out most of it. His loss was hardly noticeable as Cotler filled in superbly on defense and scored 10 points besides.

Wolf continued to harass McMillan, once making a beautiful shot block and leaping out of bounds to save the ball. Little Bilsky scored 18 points and, at a crucial point close to the end of the game, stole the ball from McMillan to kill a Columbia rally. Penn won 57-52, but it is still not out of the woods. On the last weekend of the race Columbia could catch the Quakers by beating Princeton and Penn on their home courts.

It was Koller's turn to be Penn's substitute hero Friday night. He came in against Harvard in the second half, hit six straight shots and helped the Quakers to a difficult 86-77 win. Their 96-68 victory over Dartmouth Saturday night was their eighth in the league.

Those eight wins have not been easy, and winning will be even tougher in the next few years because the Ivy schools have, according to one coach, Lou Carnesecca of St. John's, recruited 25% of the best high school players in the country for their current freshman classes.

Harvard, for instance, with only four winning seasons in the last 22, has such a loaded freshman team that two good 6' 10" centers have had to sit on the bench most of the season because they cannot break into the frontcourt combination of 6' 6" James Brown, 6' 7" Floyd Lewis and 6' 5" Marshall Sanders. Dartmouth has its own James Brown. He shot 21 of 26 from the floor and scored 52 points in all to hand the Harvard freshmen one of their two losses. Penn is waiting for 6' 8" Phil Hankinson and several others to move up to its varsity, and Princeton will try to replace Hammer and Petrie with two fine guards, Brian Taylor, one of the leading high school scorers in the country a year ago, and Ted Minakakis.

If such crops keep showing up at Cambridge, Hanover, Ithaca and the other campuses, there soon will be almost as many Ivy Leaguers listed in the *Normal Basketball Association Guide* as there are in *Standard & Poor's*.

A LITTLE MURDER SET TO MUSIC

Feminine and nicely elegant on the outside, cold steel on the inside, the finalists in the U.S. figure skating championships proved again there is more to those fluffy little girls than meets the approving eye **by PAT RYAN**

It is all so terribly refined—a little blood sport performed to a Beethoven score. Figure skaters get their competitive urge in the cradle, along with mother's milk, and behind the sequined facade of the game are often sharp and cutting rivalries—they don't hone their skate blades for 15 or 20 years for nothing. Last week, amid charges, countercharges and a few verbal slashes, the country's best figure skaters met blade to blade in the national championship in Tulsa. The defending champions, Tim Wood and Janet Lynn, got the trophies and everyone else got Band-Aids.

For Wood it was his third straight U.S. title, and he is now a heavy favorite to defend his world crown successfully next month in Yugoslavia. He is a conservative champion, a master technician who calls himself a human compass and performs with the mechanical precision of one. Because he has done his homework studiously and for a very long time (he has been skating since he was 3), Wood gets top marks in the school figures, that compulsory part of the program in which a skater must prove he knows his basics. But the by-the-book approach that makes him almost faultless in figures sometimes flaws his free skating. In the interpretive half of last week's championship, there were some who felt Wood might be upset by the derring-do of John Misha Petkevich, a Cossack on skates.

"Misha is an artist," an admirer explained. "If he has a good night and a good audience he can be fabulous." Petkevich has never found skating school figures emotionally fulfilling. He has had plenty of opportunity to learn precision—his parents used to arrange for private half-hour lessons and rented a private patch of ice for him when he was 2—but at 20 Misha feels he is only now getting into the groove.

A third-year pre-med student at Harvard, Petkevich dazzled his way into skating prominence in the 1968 nationals with a free-skating performance that saw him soaring around Philadelphia's Spectrum like a Frisbee. After

that he enrolled in Harvard and waxed fat and contented in his Cambridge dorm until his mother arrived from Great Falls, Mont. She was appalled by her son's thickening girth and the institutional food he was eating. Leaving her husband home, Mrs. Petkevich moved to Cambridge, rented an apartment and cooked dietetic meals down to the last cookie crumb for her son. He lost weight but, unfortunately, lost strength, too, and he had a lean 1969 all the way around, never really threatening Wood in competition.

Petkevich showed up at this year's nationals in considerably better form. After the compulsory figures on Thursday he was 35 points behind Wood (which could be considered a triumph of sorts since he had lagged 51 points behind Wood in the figures in 1969).

Free skating is Petkevich's game and for him always a gamble. In an uptight, high-button-shoe sport, he is regarded as the house rebel. He acquired the rep-

utation some years ago by showing up for a competition in a turtleneck instead of the customary bolero jacket. The judges were horrified, and one wrote a chiding letter to Mrs. Petkevich for permitting such teen-age folly. So it was in tune with his character for Petkevich to choose radical skating music for his free-style performance last week. In terms of skating's traditions his selection of *On the Waterfront* was as inappropriate as picking *Alice's Restaurant* as mood music for a Selective Service banquet.

Tim Wood, for one, was a bit testy about the liberties Petkevich was taking in putting together his skating program. "I flow faster than anyone on ice," Wood said. "My style is sharp, clean and simple, and I make my jumps look easy. There is never anything wrong, and that makes what I do look simple and easy to an ignorant audience. That's why I believe it is wrong to play to an audience. You knock yourself out and they sit on their hands. John Misha is a com-



Posed for her performance, Janet Lynn Holmes gets rinkside advice from Coach Carlo Fassi.

pletely different skater. He goes for big, high jumps. But if you stop and look between those, right before and right after, it's a rough performance and scratchy. I don't know if it is right for him to skate that way. Personally, I want to skate for skating's sake and the beauty of it, and to show perfection for perfection's sake."

On Friday night Petkevich appeared for the freestyle in a black jump suit and white-lace shirt made from brassiere material—an outfit specially designed by Bergdorf-Goodman, that elegant New York store. From the start the crowd showed its partiality: during the warmup period Wood received the polite patter due a champion but Misha got the bursts of applause and shouted encouragement.

Petkevich's personal mood was a key to his performance. "I thought of speed, of feeling strong," he said later, "Sometimes the building is large and you pull yourself up. You feel strong and you become large and the building becomes small." He came on to the intense beat of drums, the drama of cymbals—and suddenly skating was being pushed centuries forward to the stark, leaping, stylized dances of *West Side Story*. The ignorant audience clapped delightedly, as much for Petkevich's creative gall in the face of five judges (two of whom disapproved) as for his split mazurka.

Five minutes later the sport was once more its sedate old self—with wooden skis and a ballet by Tam Wood. The defending champion is lithe, gliding and indisputably classic. "He's a skater's skater," said one appreciator of his art. "Good technique makes it look simple and elegant. Poor technique makes it look brash and hold." So the judges gave Wood the gold medal. It will be added to 15 others that he has won, which hang from his mother's charm bracelet.

It also is about time Mrs. Ethylene Newicks of Rockford, Ill. invests in a bracelet, too, for her 16-year-old daughter, Janet Lynn (she dropped the Newicks when she was 6 just in case she became a skating star), is being groomed as America's next grand champion. She is long-lashed, blonde and fluently, but inside she is a coiled spring of determination—all covered over with cat-thatare-the-candy innocence.

Since she was 9 Janet has been appearing at the nationals, and last year at 15 she won the Senior Ladies' title

by a skate-edge-slim hundredth of a point. The girl she nudged out of the limelight, Julie Lynn Holmes, got her revenge at the world championship, finishing fourth to Janet's fifth. "Julie has been pecking at us ever since," said Slavka Kohout, Janet's coach.

Now hung on Julie Lynn Holmes. Her coach is Carlo Fassi, the man who tutored ex-champion Peggy Fleming, and, perhaps understandably, a little of Peggy's graceful style has rubbed off on Julie. "Fassi is trying to cover the waterfront," a critic noted acidly. "Julie used to be a dynamic skater. Now she's a copy of Peggy Fleming with a bit of Janet Lynn on the side."

Miss Kohout had something to say on the subject, too. "Fassi is having Julie copy the position of Janet's hands," she charged. "How can she do it—it's a matter of integrity! We've worked six months to develop those original hand placements. We skate after Julie in the championship and now it will look as if we have copied her." Fassi retorted that it was he who had been robbed. So much for skating's petty larceny.

As defending champion, Janet was the favorite—but only a slight one. In six years of skating competition she had only managed to win the compulsory figures (which count 50% toward a title) on three occasions. She had finished fourth in figures in the nationals last year and had to come from behind in the free skating to win the title. "School figures require a maturity of mind," Miss Kohout explained. "It takes a depth of concentration which Janet is only now beginning to achieve. But her figures are 100% better than last year."

The draw put Julie and Janet next to each other in the field of 11, which only intensified the rivalry. Julie got off to an early lead and she continued in front until the next to last figure. There Janet did a superb tracing and moved ahead for the first time. Everything depended on the final figure—and the two girls were the only skaters left on the ice. Julie had out an adept, if not exactly perfect, figure. Janet followed with what appeared from the grandstand to be a pattern of wobbling circles. Thinking all was lost, she burst into tears and was hurried from the arena.

Several hours later the judges posted the final scores. To the astonishment of not a few people, Janet Lynn was named the winner. When asked about the de-



Flashing the pixielike smile: champion Lynn

cision, Miss Kohout said, "They've given Janet the go-ahead to be a champion. Tomorrow we'll see if she can skate like one."

At the women's freestyle finale the crowd was vocal and divided. There were high-pitched cheers from every part of the stands as the skaters' young partisans shouted, "Yea, Julie," "Yea, Janet," sounding, at times, like Browne Scouts whooping it up over a close sack race. Julie was getting the most fervent cheers, but Janet—now confident and undismayed—sped across the ice like a dervish in her warmup.

Julie performed first, moving in a ripple of red chaffron through a gay and luring routine. But suddenly she fell, and down with her went her chance for the championship. No one can say, however, that Janet Lynn won her title by default. She skated swiftly and with exhilaration. Wind streaked through her hair, and with a crescendo of whirls and jumps she had the crowd on their feet. She left them cheering, waved as she left the ice and moved toward the television cameras with the sureness of a champion. Chances are she'll be sparkling in front of those bright lights for years. And through it all they'll play Beethoven. Janet Lynn will look beautiful and her sport terribly refined. END



KEEP YOUR GAME YOUNG

BY GENE SARAZEN WITH CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Age in golf arrives almost imperceptibly. One day you are standing on the tee of your favorite hole, a par 3 whose green has always been a four-iron away when the ball is hit right. Today you hit it perfectly, never better, and the ball heads straight toward the pin. But to your astonishment it falls just short of the apron. When you chip up short and miss the putt you have a bogey instead of a possible birdie or sure par.

So what are you going to do about it? You can keep right on using a four-iron, just as you did when you were 40 and 30 and 20. And you can keep right on hitting perfect shots short of the green. Or you can make a concession to age and switch to a three-iron or maybe a four-wood. After all, isn't the result more important than the means?

Keeping your golf game young, maintaining the

same handicap you had 10 or 20 years ago, is not as simple as changing clubs. That's one aspect of it, sure, but not all. There are a number of things a golfer entering his senior years—let's not put a number on them—can do to keep his score from ballooning, and no one is more qualified to speak on the subject than Gene Sarazen, the first man in history to win each of the four major titles in professional golf—the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open and the PGA Championship. Gene Sarazen is now 67, but he plays golf four times a week at home on Marco Island in Florida, and every April he shows up at Augusta, still wearing knickers, ready to play in the Masters. His performances there are almost always creditable. On the following pages Sarazen tells how he does it and how you, too, can keep your game from growing old.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD FUCHS





Fifty years ago players often stood completely square around, facing the target in the ultimate exaggeration of an open stance. Today's senior should keep this form in mind but out of his game. As he finds he can't make the proper turn or achieve the distance he once did, he tends to force himself into an open stance. To combat these symptoms of advancing age, he moves his left foot back from the line (below left), shifting his body so that it almost faces the hole. This is a mistake. It may be all right when playing the short shots, but it restricts movement on the longer ones. Instead, a closed stance is essential for a senior. He must have the right foot and the right shoulder back so that he is set for a good backswing (below right). Many a senior has the tendency to lunge into the shot, to get ahead of the ball in order to make up



for his loss of strength. He uses his body more than his hands and arms, and the obvious result is, of course, the sway. The left heel is usually responsible for this. A senior often lifts the left heel off the ground to get the hands high on the backswing. But he is ignoring the fact that the older player needs support on the important left side. He has to build firmness up front so that when his hands come into the ball he has something solid to hit against. Lifting the heel not only leads to a sway but to overswinging, closing the

face and moving the head. My advice is to stay lower with the heel, keep as much of the left foot as possible (certainly the inside front edge) in contact with the ground and shift your weight, don't sway with it back onto the right foot.

Another remedy for lunging during the downswing is to play the ball farther off the left heel (below). The senior should get the ball way up there, and place himself in back of it. This will keep what strength he does have left behind the swing, not in front of it.



A good putting stroke is simply one that keeps the club face square to the hole throughout the stroke. The most important reminder for the senior is to keep this stroke short. With a short backswing and follow-through a senior has less chance of losing his squareness. To firm up my backswing and check it at the same time, I developed something called the after-50 finger (above). This combats jittery nerves and keeps the putter from wobbling on the backswing. All it involves is placing the thumb on the side of the shaft and the index finger—the after-50 finger—parallel down the club. With this alignment, the senior is forced to stop his backswing at the proper point. He can only go so far back before the finger starts bending unnaturally.

In the same manner, keeping the left elbow pointed straight out at the hole helps to keep a senior steady



on the greens (below left). With the right elbow close to the body and the left elbow out, a senior's hands are forced to remain square so the putter won't turn over. The left elbow builds up an imaginary wall, and when the right hand comes into the stroke there

is very little chance of swinging over the ball.

A general fault among all seniors is laziness and a tendency to relax too much on the greens while trying to shake off the jitters. In relaxing he wants to bend over as little as possible, thus he's always picking the putter up off the green. A senior must keep his club down all the way through the putt so he doesn't cut the ball or give it overspin (below right). Just figure you've got a nail on the side of the ball and your putter is a hammer. With the after-50 finger, the stiff left elbow and this carpenter's rule, seniors can chase those yips away.





When a man gets to the senior age bracket sometimes his first reaction is to cut down on his swing. This isn't necessarily the best method of maintaining your score. On the tee, for instance, instead of shortening the backswing I've always recommended saving your normal swing and your length by adding an inch to the driver (right). As I got older, I started using an inch longer driver and found I gained five to 10 yards off the tee. It enabled me to stand straight up (above right) rather than go through the sometimes painful process of all that bending (above left), and it forced my hands and arms out farther and straighter after I hit the ball. The added weight and length carried me out. Also, the longer club gave me more leverage. With the shorter club, I was stopping almost at a three-quarter swing. As a senior gets older, his backswing shortens up automatically. He has put on weight, and his hands tend to stop instead of following through. The longer driver gets a senior back end forward a little farther. When you use the longer club you have to stand farther away from the ball, and your arc becomes much larger. Remember, of course, that only the driver should be lengthened, not any of the other clubs. Out on the fairway, a longer club would cause a player to hit behind the ball most of the time. No senior wants more divots than he already has.





BURY YOUR PRIDE

O all the advice I can give to a senior the most important is to not ask himself how many strokes he's going to make on a given day but how many he's going to save. In the picture at the left I am demonstrating this by applying the most important thesis of senior golf I know: burying pride.

It may look only like I'm swinging a couple of clubs at four or five balls, but what I'm really doing is forgetting my pride in order to save a stroke. Practically without exception a senior should never gamble, because it is so much harder for him to get a stroke back later if he loses the gamble. The hardest thing for some of us to accept is that we are past the point where we can do this. When I became 50 I began to notice I was losing distance, that my legs often got heavy on the back nine and that I couldn't hit shots with the same authority as before. Pride can hurt you at any age on the golf course, but it affects seniors most. For instance, one of the more common faults of all seniors is underclubbing. They're almost never past where they thought they should be. When was the last time you saw a senior golfer go over the green on his approach, be it a long iron or a short one? I've noticed that in the past 10 years my shots rarely go past the hole; I'm always on the short side. Too many seniors think they still can hit the ball as far as they used to. They must get smarter, even if it means admitting which club they used on certain holes, indeed even if it means hating to use it.

A senior golfer must learn to perfect his three- and four-wood. In most cases he is not a good iron player anymore, because he doesn't have the hand action of his younger days. I say, leave the two-iron and the three-iron in the clubhouse and concentrate on playing those kinds of shots with woods. The longest iron that still feels comfortable to me is the four, and some days I come to holes where the club comes in mighty handy—in spots where I used to play a nine.

I remember also when the four-iron comforted me in a somewhat different manner. In the Masters a few years ago—sometimes it's hard to remember the exact year—some of the press came to interview me after a good round. The press always asks a golfer what club he used on a certain hole, and this time they asked me about a long hole I had played particularly well. "What did you use there for your second?" they asked. "A

four," I answered, and that was fine. The interview went on. What they didn't know was that I had used a four-wood, not a four-iron, as they probably thought. Sometimes I can adapt this same camouflage to a three-iron or three-wood. It's all pride: I'm still reluctant to admit I can't get the results I once did from these long irons. One of the really shifty examples of pride is the senior who orders special irons deliberately stamped wrong so as to hide the fact that he doesn't get his old distance. These irons will have a fake loft so that when he takes his five-iron out he will be hitting, in truth, a four. This is pathetic, but sometimes—as every senior knows—it does become that difficult to count the years.

The pride that hurts the most reveals itself right on the golf course, as it did to me in the 1963 Masters when I came to the last two holes with a chance for a 71 if I parred in. Instead of using a four-wood for my second on 17, I felt a little pride come bursting in and tried to go the distance with a three-iron. The shot wound up disappearing in a bunker guarding the flagstick. If I had forgotten about pride I would have used the wood and reached the green. But, no. The proud old Squire went for it and blew it. There are excuses for some physical ailments that strike down senior golfers, but there is no excuse for surrendering to pride.

In the picture I am, of course, using a wood in a situation where in the old days I would have crashed the ball with an iron. Notice the different arcs and the distances I will get. And with much less strain and effort, too. At least I am being honest with myself. Here, also, I am being honest with the golf course and with Father Time. That doesn't mean I like it. But all I know is that in 1961, swallowing my pride and using my head, I played 36 holes in one day at the British Open and shot 142 and that in 1966 I won the one-day 36-hole Northeastern New York Section championship at the Columbia Golf and Country Club in Hudson with a 141. And my legs didn't tire, either. Well, not much. Even if a senior rides in a golf cart—and I disapprove of them—he should keep his legs in shape by taking long walks and doing exercises. If his legs feel tired as he stands over a putt on the 18th green, he's not going to sink it. I'm never going to let that happen, and I know you won't either. Believe me, they can't take this game away from us oldtimers and vice versa. **END**

The view from the large picture window over the kitchen sink in Dr. Jim McMillen's big white house near Mansfield, Pa. is merely ordinary. By country standards, the backyard is neither unusually large nor abundantly gardened. The driveway that loops behind the house shows the scars and buckling of too many deep-frost winters, and the worn wooden basketball backboard is supported by spindly iron posts burnt with rust. Still, although she never cared much for basketball, Margaret McMillen likes the view. For 15 years she stood inside her window cooking dinners and being vaguely amused as her five children chased around the lawn, climbed trees and shot baskets. It was only in the '60s when a series of intense, sometimes overly affable men began to join her in the kitchen that Margaret McMillen realized that something more than the usual children's horseplay was going on out there.

The men were college basketball recruiters, and they came to Mansfield because they thought the McMillens' oldest son Jay had learned to dribble and pass and shoot basketballs so well in the old backyard that he was among the best high school prospects in the country in 1963. They huddled with Jay and his dentist father around the circular kitchen table, listened to Margaret's proud stories of her children's cultural achievements and, as Margaret now recalls, every once in a while found their attentions wandering to the outside where the McMillens' youngest boy Tom (see cover) was playing. A 6-footer, he moved around the basket with almost the skill and polish of Jay. He was in the sixth grade.

In the six years since, Jay has graduated from Maryland, where he was good enough to be drafted by the Los

Angeles Lakers at about the time he was beginning to lose one-on-one games to his brother, Tom, a senior at Mansfield High, has grown to 6'11", with all the grace of a forward and the brains to become the doctor he wants to be, and coaches and colleges the country over have almost run amok trying to register him. And that is not a very good thing to do around a McMillen. Pressure any of them just once, talk too much basketball to Margaret, too little academics to Jim, too much of the usual line to Tom, and goodby prospect, and please close the door when you leave. The McMillens are friendly people, but they have ideals, too, and they want to keep them, even if one in their midst is among the most sought-after high-schoolers ever.

Princeton was one of the earlier schools to understand the right approach. It had an administration official who had served formerly as dean of the Harvard Medical School escort Tom around the campus. West Virginia attempted to overwhelm Tom by introducing him to then-President Lyndon Johnson, while Virginia chow reduction, taking Tom and his coach, Rich Miller, to meet a Playmate of the Month. Only Miller was impressed.

But the occasional campus visit is only a small part of college recruiting. The process still relies heavily on letter-writing, telephoning and telegraphing and treks to the boy's home. It is here that the recruiters have run head on into the McMillen parents.

"The recruiting has never really stopped," says Margaret. "We became good friends with some of the coaches when they were visiting Jay, and they have continued to come back." In the second half of Tom's sophomore season, when he was already edging up to Wilt Chamberlain, Tom Giola and Mau-

rice Stokes on the way to becoming the state's highest schoolboy scorer, the old friends were joined by many new faces.

Coach Miller, who worried that the attention would distract Tom from his high school games, and the McMillens, who feared the visitors would pull him away from all his other interests, agreed that no one should be permitted to talk to Tom during the basketball season. Visits were carefully limited during the rest of the year. A few coaches have tried, unsuccessfully, to circumvent the rules by telling the McMillens that they just happened to be driving through.

"This is an awfully hard place to be passing through," says Margaret of Mansfield, a town of 3,100 that is isolated in north-central Pennsylvania astride a pair of two-lane highways that pass through places like Trout Run, But-



IF YOU WANT TOM, EASY DOES IT

To his mother Tom McMillen is a little boy, to college coaches he is very big, but everybody pursuing the most sought-after schoolboy since Alcindor agrees: approach him gingerly **by PETER CARRY**

tom Wood and Blossburg. "But some people think we're silly enough to believe them."

With his parched appearance and dry wit, silliness does not suit Jim McMillen. A former player and his sons' first coach, the dentist knew about recruiting long before either Jay or Tom became involved in it. "I had heard which schools had a reputation for dishonesty, the ones they say are in the underground," he said, sitting in his favorite chair in front of the TV where he watches hours of sports events each weekend. "I knew the ones the NCAA suspended, too. We told Tom not to consider any of them." That scratched off a considerable number of the more than 225 schools that had approached him. Perhaps because Jim looks as honest as American Gothic, the McMillens

have received only one shady offer for their son—an illegal junkie to this year's Super Bowl in New Orleans. The trip was turned down and the college eliminated from consideration.

"I'm pleased I've had two tall sons," says Jim McMillen, who has traveled all over Pennsylvania to cheer his boys in high school. "It's put more zest in our lives. Life is much less humdrum. I guess the rest of the family has taken it in good stride, but sometimes I feel I might have neglected my other children's interests more than I should have. I always tried to change the subject from basketball at the dinner table, but it was easier to talk about it and we usually did."

The other three McMillen children, John Paul, now working in a bank, Sheila, a sophomore at Penn, and Liz, a tall 8-

year-old who may be the only girl her age who can execute a perfect reverse pivot, have not been left to their own resources. "This is my part of the house," says Margaret, waving her hand at the walls lined with books in her library and out toward the living room with its piano, organ and stack of instrument cases lying on the floor. "Up until a few years ago I didn't even know who Bob Cousy was."

Margaret rarely sees a game and, although she can cite a few names and statistics, she does not know the difference between a hook shot and a layup. "I'm satisfied with what Jay got out of basketball. He went to Maryland on an athletic scholarship and he had the opportunity to live in Italy and visit all the museums when he played for Padua's pro team," she says.

continued

IN HIS BACKYARD McMILLEN DWARFS HSDI, A 260-POUND SAINT BERNARD WHO ZEALOUSLY DEFENDS AGAINST OUTSIDERS



Recruiting and the hours Tom has spent replying to coaches' letters and answering their telephone calls prick Margaret's maternal instincts. Aside from Heidi, a 250-pound Saint Bernard who was trained by a state trooper, she is her son's most ardent protector. "I'm the drill sergeant around here," she says. "I guess I've gotten the reputation of an old ogre with a lot of the coaches, but some days I have to take the receiver off the hook to get my housework done and some evenings I wonder when Tom does his homework. They're not giving him enough free time."

Understandably, there are many recruiters who harbor no fondness for Margaret McMillen. She is severely blunt when she does not approve of their approaches and she was the driving force in persuading Tom to cut down his schedule of campus visits this fall.

"A boy can be spoiled by recruiting, his grades can be hurt by it and he can be drawn away from his other interests," says Margaret. "I want to raise a well-rounded young man, not an athletic bum."

Recruiters often simultaneously compare Tom to Lew Alcindor and Bill Bradley. Still growing, they believe, he may help the school he chooses to the same dominance of college basketball that UCLA enjoyed during Alcindor's varsity years. And, like Bradley, McMillen is a thoughtful student of the game and other things as well. He stands at the top of his class academically and is the president of the student council, the first trombonist in the school band, a prize-winning orator and perhaps the world's tallest altar boy.

In backyard games with Jay and in others at summer basketball camps where the competition is much tougher than it is at home in the Triona County League, McMillen has proved himself agile enough to play away from the basket. He has the ball-handling skill and quick moves required to drive in to score and the deft touch needed to shoot long jump shots. His talents—including his left-handedness—are those of a larger, still unrefined Rick Barry.

McMillen wants to play forward in college, and most coaches agree it may be his best position, even though taking a 7-footer from underneath the basket is almost unheard of even in the pros. His only weaknesses—slight deficiencies in jumping ability and overall strength—



KID SISTER LIZ AND TOM RELAX IN "MOTHER'S PART OF HOUSE," THE LIBRARY

could persuade a college coach to switch him from center, although the decision will not be an easy one, simply because McMillen has played so well at the position in high school. At a Christmas tournament in Johnstown, Pa., this season Mansfield played New York City's Power Memorial for the championship. Power, Alcindor's old school, is regarded by many as the best high school team in the country this year, and its center, Len Elmore, a 6'9", 230-pound leaping muscleman, is widely considered the No. 2 tall prospect behind McMillen. With potential college stars at three positions, Power defeated Mansfield by 16 points, but McMillen won his individual battle. Twenty pounds lighter than Elmore but much quicker, he used a few of his forward's tricks to draw his opponent into foul trouble and then outscored him 40-5. Using head fakes, rocking foot fakes and speed, McMillen moved past his defender for easy layups, hooks and scoop shots. It was no surprise that he won the outstanding player award. Unexpected was his 20-7 rebounding edge over the stronger, springier Elmore.

With every possibility open to him, McMillen is not about to pack off to any school without considering all the angles—including politics.

"I want to go to a school that's concerned with the students' problems," he says. "But I wouldn't want to go to a place like Columbia where they have had open violence. I feel an atmosphere

like that would detract from my experience as a student and a player."

"Still, I think a school should be interested in getting things done. I read *National Review* and I think there are some good ideas in there, but I wouldn't want to be called a conservative. I don't want people to think I'm against progress. I can't see having my name associated with a place like Alabama, where they really haven't faced up to problems, or a school like Georgia in a state where Governor Maddox actually seems to be against progress."

"I hear a lot of older people saying that students shouldn't dissent. They tell me things like: 'We never did; we respected our faculty.' Well, today we have to evaluate our own situation. Times are changing and we shouldn't simply imitate older persons on student unrest and things like that."

Even though he already realizes that pro basketball may prevent him from ever earning his M.D.—a conflict that deeply worries his cheerleading father, who is a medical man first and a basketball nut second—McMillen has decided against more schools for their weak pre-med curricula than because of their suffering basketball programs. Of the dozen or so colleges still under consideration, almost all have medical schools nearly as renowned as their basketball teams, and most of the coaches spend as much time talking up new chemistry labs as they do their latest league cham-

paenship. The Ivy League is still in contention though his parents would prefer that he attend school on an athletic scholarship. Tom will most likely play in the Atlantic Coast Conference at North Carolina, Duke or Maryland.

McMillen carries his careful thought and articulation over into his schoolwork. He has one of the three highest academic averages in the history of Mansfield High—he received a B for one marking period in seventh-grade English but nothing lower than an A since—and will certainly become the fourth member of his family named most likely to succeed by his classmates at graduation.

The adults in Mansfield apparently think he already has. Last year the Methodist church invited him to a service to speak on his Catholic faith, and the March of Dimes named him the teenage county co-chairman. The local administrators of the Federal Government's Appalachia program asked McMillen to talk on nutrition, although his diet would hardly qualify him as an expert.

"Sometimes the adults take me too seriously," says McMillen. "My name is in the paper all the time and it makes me wonder what the other kids' parents think when their sons and daughters aren't getting any publicity. If I were them, I don't think I'd care for it."

For their part, his contemporaries are not worried in the least. Crowded around one end of a long table in the Mansfield High cafeteria, three of McMillen's best friends, Frank Rich, Ron West and Tom Cole, the little guard who is the second-best player on the basketball team, talked about McMillen.

"He's a big goof. He's so intelligent and so great at basketball, but he's simple about life. I've never met anyone so gullible," said 5'8" Rich. "Besides, when you play basketball with him, you always end up getting hit on the top of the head by his elbows."

"He's got one big fault. He never goes out with girls," said West.

"He's so straight I don't think he'd kiss a girl," added Cole.

"I don't think it would even cross his mind," Rich concluded.

McMillen, who is not a bit shy about his height. "A guy's got to be proud he's tall"—nervously stares at his shoe-tops at the mention of girls. He says girls will always be around, but the opportunity to be a star player and stu-

dent will not. To which his mother says, "Tom is just a little boy."

McMillen's bedroom is crammed with files full of clippings, pamphlets and note cards on school subjects, exercising, playing techniques and healthy eating. He writes out daily schedules on how much to study, practice, sleep and eat. Fortunately, his meticulousness is occasionally knocked aside by his boyishness.

On a Friday night before the basketball season began, McMillen spent half an hour discussing his eating habits, repeatedly referring to wheat-germ oil, diet supplements and high-energy foods. The next day, after missing his breakfast because he was on the phone with coaches, he marched two miles in a parade and played at a football halftime with the school band. Returning home in the midafternoon, he gulped down a huge wedge of coconut-iced layer cake and half a Boston cream pie, from which he had carefully shaved off the chocolate frosting. Washing it all down with several glasses of milk, he said, "I don't really like cake." He then bolted out the back door for six games of three-on-two in the driveway. That evening he drove with his parents 25 miles for dinner at a Continental restaurant. Barely glancing at the menu, Tom ordered and ate half a dozen snails, a bowl of kangaroo-tail soup, a Chateaubriand for two, several French pastries and, between tastes of his parents' dishes, various rolls and vegetables.

The meal was an obvious release for McMillen, who had grown bone weary of the recruiters. He feared they were beginning to take the edge off his basketball game and his chances to graduate at the head of his class. By Sunday afternoon, thoroughly fatigued, he slumped into a chair when he should have been finishing an English paper on chivalry in Malory. "Oh boy, I'm getting tired," he said. "I'm looking forward to the shelter of the season. When you meet new people, it gets to be a real drag. It's the same spiel every time. They aren't interested in you as a personality, only as a basketball player."

McMillen's experience is similar to the one the Knicks' Bill Bradley was subjected to as a high-schooler some years earlier and which he described recently.

"I didn't sleep at all for a week while I tried to make up my mind," said Bradley of his last-minute switch from Duke to Princeton. "Even my father couldn't

convince me to go ahead and do what I wanted. It wasn't until a couple of years later that someone explained to me that the letter of intent wasn't a question of morals. It is just a tool used by coaches to tamper with the minds of teen-age boys. It is simply part of a system that is much larger and very distasteful."

The coaches will have another month of open season on Tom McMillen between the end of Mansfield's schedule and mid-April, when McMillen expects to end the whole business with his signature on somebody's letter of intent. "I'm not looking forward to that month," he says. "I wish it were over."

If McMillen has been sleeping less this year, his grades have not shown it and neither has his scoring. He has averaged 46.2 points a game and shot 77% from the floor. More likely, it is the coaches with fresh memories of Alcindor's three-year domination of college championships who are not resting well. Only one of them can have McMillen. The others should lose a lot of sleep two years from now figuring out ways to stop a 7-foot sophomore with moves so sophisticated that he can train on snails.

END



COACH MILLER TALKS WITH FATHER SON

MY STRUGGLE TO HELP THE PRESIDENT



What can the private citizen do to fight pollution? Well, he can complain, harass—ultimately sue—to get existing laws enforced by bureaucrats, and if he's lucky it will take only six years **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

At Croton-on-Hudson, 30 miles north of Manhattan, the Penn Central railroad maintains what is known as the Harmon Diesel and Electric Shops. Many of the engines running from New York west to Chicago are serviced here. All the oil and gunk that comes from the engines feeds into a three-foot diameter pipe that empties into the Hudson near the mouth of the tributary Croton River. Tucked away behind a bridge on Central property, the pipe is a sight few persons ever get to see, but those who have remember it vividly. The pipe bears the date 1929, and it has vomited countless thousands of gallons of oil into the Hudson over the years. The discharge has been so heavy and constant that ducks and other waterfowl have drowned, the bottom mud stinks, invertebrate life is absent and fishes and crabs that may wander into the area are deemed inedible.

I like to fish in the river, and when I found out about the pipe in 1964 I began complaining about it to county and state agencies. New York State law has for years prohibited any "deleterious or poisonous substance . . . to run into any waters . . . private or public, in quantities injurious to fish life inhabiting those waters or injurious to the propagation of fish therein," but no state agency took any action even though this foul discharge was known to them. The Interstate Sanitation Commission, which was set up in 1936 to police the waters of the Greater New York harbor area, including the Hudson up to the Bear Mountain Bridge, also did nothing. The year 1965 came. New York State authorities were all excited about a \$1 billion "pure water" bond issue in which the Hudson was designated the prime target, but the oil discharges from the Central pipe continued to gush forth.

One day in September 1965 I was out in my boat on the Hudson with Dr. James Alexander of the biology department of Fordham University, and we saw oil from the pipe covering the surface of the river for several square miles. Ironically, this mess occurred at the very time that legions of state and federal officials and politicians were assembled in the Waldorf-Astoria to discuss pollution of the Hudson at a conference called by the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

In 1966, a new organization, the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, decided to go after polluters of the river. Research disclosed that the harbor supervision branch of the Corps of Engineers was charged with enforcing two laws that had teeth, if not fangs. The first of these, the New York Harbor Act passed by Congress in 1888, provides that "the placing, discharging, or

THIS UGLY PIPE poured thousands of gallons of junk into the Hudson while the law enforcers were dodging anti-pollutionists.

depositing, by any process or in any manner, of refuse, dirt, ashes, cinders, mud, sand, dredgings, sludge, acid, or any other matter of any kind," other than that flowing from streets or sewers into New York harbor, adjacent or tributary waters (such as the Hudson) or Long Island Sound, is a misdemeanor calling for a fine on each violation of from \$250 to \$2,500 and/or anywhere from 30 days to one year in prison. A somewhat similar law passed by Congress in 1899, the Federal Refuse Act, applies to all navigable waters of the U.S., and moreover both of these laws provide that one-half of the fine collected is "to be paid to the person or persons giving information which shall lead to conviction of this misdemeanor."

A director of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, Arthur Glowka, an Eastern Airlines captain and outdoors writer, thought the pollution problems of the river could be licked if the general public were made aware of the rewards ordered by law, and so he designed a Bag-A-Polluter prepaid postcard. The HRFA has since distributed more than 20,000 of these cards, noting the 1888 law, to the public up and down the Hudson Valley, and all a person spotting a polluter need do is fill out a simple entry form (who, what, where and when), sign it and drop the card in the mail to the HRFA, PO Box 725, Ossining, N.Y. 10562. When a card is received, a report of the pollution is phoned to the Corps of Engineers (area code 201, HE 3-6110 and 6111), and the card goes into an HRFA file for follow-up.

From the start, the HRFA zeroed in on the Central oil pipe, reasoning that if the association could nail the railroad, a gross polluter, and collect the reward, other polluters could more easily be brought to heel. Complaints about the pipe started, and corps investigators arrived to check on them. But nothing happened. The railroad was not fined, nobody went to prison and the oil continued to gush forth.

In June 1967 I visited the corps regional headquarters in Manhattan and when I asked what happened to reported violators, an official allowed that the

corps permitted "three or four violations, maybe five" to pile up before sending citations on to the U.S. Attorney for prosecution. By then I knew from hard experience that violations would only pile up if a few persistent citizens kept bulldozing a polluter. When I asked why constant polluters, such as the Central, were not promptly charged, tried, fined and sentenced, the corps bureaucrat replied, "We're dealing with top officials in industry, and you just don't go around treating these people like that."

I left thoroughly angry, but Art Glowka, attracted by a challenge, began visiting corps headquarters. Among other things, he was curious to find out about any polluters the corps had brought to book, but he was informed that all the data on polluters was stored on tape. When he suggested that retrieval of the data would answer his questions quickly—after all, that's why the Government uses computers—there was much hemming and hawing but no retrieval of data. On another occasion, after Glowka was told he could not get certain information from the corps, he showed up with a copy of the Freedom of Information Act passed by Congress. On another occasion, he had to write to the White House to get permission to inspect some documents.

Still oil continued to pour out of the pipe. The New York *Daily News* did a feature story on river pollution and ran a picture of the pipe. Nothing happened. The news reporter, Jesse Brodsky, submitted a letter to the U.S. Attorney's office in Manhattan and sent along pictures as well. There was silence. For the hell of it, one day I called the U.S. Attorney's office and finally got on to an Assistant U.S. Attorney who was supposed to know something about the Central pipe. He was extremely nasty and said that he might very well subpoena me to appear before a federal grand jury. I was overjoyed, quickly gave him my address and phone number and said I had numerous friends who would be delighted to appear. I never heard from him again.

I called the Interior Department in Washington to complain about the oil, and I was told, "Fella, you just get in touch with the regional office of the Federal Water Pollution Control Admin-

istration and you'll see action!" The fact that the FWPCA office in charge of the Hudson was in Metuchen, N.J. gave me qualms—Laramie, Wyo. might be just as convenient a locale—but I called anyway. The official who answered the phone allowed that he sure was interested in knowing about polluters of the river. He said this in such a manner as to prompt my asking whether he would take action to end the violations. No, he said, he didn't think the FWPCA had any authority to do so, but when the Secretary of the Interior called a pollution conference on the Hudson River, like the one two years before at the Waldorf-Astoria, he, the official in Metuchen, certainly would like to be able to go to the files and pull out a list of violators.

As a result of this conversation, Richard Garrett, president of the HRFA, wrote to Representative Richard Ottinger, the local Congressman and defender of the Hudson against defilement, saying that the FWPCA was worthless and should have its appropriations cut to nothing.

A year later another official of the Metuchen, N.J. office of the FWPCA arrived in Ossining to complain to Garrett about the letter to Ottinger. Garrett, a cemetery superintendent, and a friend, Augie Berg, took the official down to look at the Central pipe. On arrival, they could smell oil 100 yards away. "Is that oil?" the official asked. To which Berg, a Sing Sing guard, replied, "It ain't perfume, buddy." They all looked at the oil coming from the pipe, and the official threw his arms into the air and yelled, "You win! You win!" Garrett asked, "What do you mean we win? The oil's coming out." The official looked at Garrett and Berg and asked, "Who are you people?" Garrett answered, "We're just people."

The official promised to have inspectors up within a week to take action, and he asked Garrett to phone him immediately about any other polluters. The inspectors never came, and even though Garrett called over a period of months, the official was never available. His secretary variously reported that he was "in conference" or "traveling." Garrett left his number each time, but the official never called back.

Of course, oil still flowed out of the

continued

Central pipe. In June 1968, Representative Ottinger, who had been getting the runaround from the corps in Washington about the oil, joined with Garrett and the HRFA, Dr. James Alexander, Dominick Phine and myself in filing a civil suit in federal court against the Penn Central, the Secretary of the Army and the director of the Corps of Engineers for the railroad's abuse of the river. The suit was prepared by Attorney David Sive, a well-known conservationist, and Ottinger, who remarked that it was a sad day when a Congressman had to sue the Government to get the law enforced.

The filing of suit had no effect on the oilflow. In the fall of 1968, Dr. Dan Salzberg of Croton and I visited the tributary Croton River, an unpolluted stream, to fish. The Croton was crisscrossed with oil for more than a mile, tidal action had swept it in from the Central pipe. I complained to the corps, and in the spring of 1969 I complained again and again. I personally saw a two-mile-long slick coming from the pipe. Corps investigators came and went.

The HRFA decided to get its suit in court moving, and an appeal for funds went out. Offerings came from as far away as Minnesota. *Motor Boating* magazine had carried an account of the case, and the *Garena* Corporation gave \$1,000. Newspapers had run stories, and in May 1969 we invited television. NBC News came up not once but twice to shoot the pipe, and the second time we even had a corps official on hand at the site for the cameraman. The newscast show-

ing this apparently had great impact, because we began hearing that the U.S. Attorney's office was about to intervene. The corps official on hand for the cameraman told me that all the citations that the corps had lodged against the railroad, which then numbered more than a dozen, were the results of complaints by the HRFA.

In June, state and federal officials charged with stopping pollution of the Hudson held another elaborate two-day conference on the river called by none other than the Secretary of the Interior. For the most part, it was a congress of windbags, and one of the few notes of sanity was struck by Gordon Cameron, the Croton village administrator who said that although the village board had been complaining about the Central pipe to every county, state and federal agency since the first conference in 1965, nothing had been done to stop the mess, and the village was "left with a feeling of hopelessness."

In 1969 the Corps of Engineers started sending the U.S. Attorney citations against the Penn Central. In August, a federal grand jury considered 15 citations and indicted the railroad for six violations. Anyone who had been fighting the pipe could not help but wonder why the grand jury had come up with only six instead of 15 violations in these otherwise inflationary days. But no mind, six were better than none, and at a \$2,500 maximum fine per violation, the HRFA stood to collect \$7,500 as a reward for reporting them. The railroad pleaded not guilty but in October changed its plea

to guilty on the last four violations which ran from April to June 1969. On Nov. 14 the Penn Central was fined a total of \$4,000 in federal court. Well, a \$2,000 reward was at least something for the HRFA, which was going to use the money to fight some other polluters, but no money was forthcoming. Art Glowka began to investigate, because, if necessary, the HRFA plans to take legal action to get that money as a precedent. To be brief, Glowka has met with rebuffs from the officials who should see that the money is paid to the HRFA in the Penn Central case. The Assistant U.S. Attorney who prosecuted the case (a different man from the one I talked with), taunted Glowka. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you annoyed because you're not getting the money?" He refused comment on any questions and referred Glowka to the corps. The corps, in turn, has referred Glowka back to the Assistant U.S. Attorney or played dumb. The corps' attitude seems to be that the HRFA had nothing whatever to do with the Penn Central oil-pipe case. The only file Glowka even glimpsed at in corps headquarters in Manhattan was a folder a corps attorney had. The entry read, "Arthur Glowka." Glowka says, "So far as I can find out, no reward has ever been paid to anyone who reported a convicted polluter, and the Government doesn't want to open the gates now to the public. These guys have all been goofing off, and the only reason the river is so bad is that the laws are not enforced. People go to bed at night thinking that the Government is looking after things. Well, the Government isn't."

In the meanwhile, the Penn Central has constructed a sort of Ruble Goldberg trough astride the pipe, supposedly to catch any oil before it flows into the Hudson. The HRFA has received reports that the device is inadequate, but we won't know for sure until spring when the ice is off the river. Recently, while aboard a passing commuter train—a Penn Central train that was running half an hour late—I caught a glance at the pipe, and there was an ugly discoloration on the ice. Six years have passed since I first began complaining but, judging from the mess, it seems as though President Nixon was right about one thing in his State of the Union message when he declared pollution was the challenge for the '70s.

ENO



AIRLINE PILOT GLOWKA GOT NO REWARD



CONGRESSMAN OTTINGER FILED SUIT

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Side-guard door beam, a way we sur-

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Isn't it funny that used car buyers

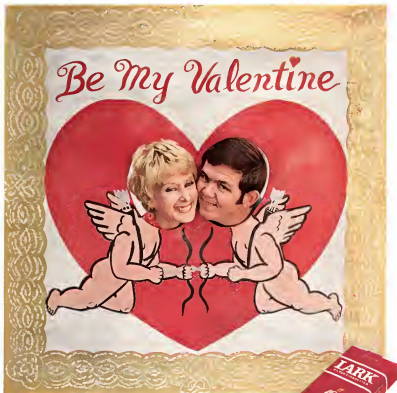
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Tell someone you love
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It's a little thing. But it shows you care.

Just as we care enough to make a filter that makes a difference you can actually taste. For Lark's filter doesn't just reduce "tar" and nicotine. It also reduces certain of the harsh tasting gases in cigarette smoke

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So, when you consider that 90% of cigarette smoke is gas and only a fraction is "tar" and nicotine, telling someone you love about Lark's Gas-Trap filter is a nice thing to do... especially at this time of year.



King Size
or 100's



There is a murder trial under way in Elkhurst, Texas, and the University of Texas was mentioned in the course of the examination of the jurors. "Mr. Foreman," said Presiding Judge J. R. Alamin to Houston criminal lawyer Percy Foreman, "I will have to admonish you that every time you say University of Texas you will say University of Texas No. 1." Foreman has complied with this request, and Alamin, a former Texas prelaw student, has beamed at every mention. Murder trials in Texas sure are a lot of fun.

It may make clothes clean, says Arthur Godfrey, but he has discovered that it pollutes water. So the Old Redhead has threatened to stop making commercials for Axon, a laundry pre-soaking agent, unless the Colgate-Palmolive Company allows him to admit that it is a pollutant. "They told me it was an enzyme," said Godfrey, "and that enzymes don't pollute anything, they just eat the dirt out. Now I find that it's not only a detergent, it has more phosphates than any other detergent." (Bang fertilizers, phosphates stimulate the growth of algae and other undesirable organisms.) Added Godfrey, "How can I preach ecology and sell this stuff?" He has given Colgate-Palmolive a couple of weeks to decide whether they will accept a commercial that announces, in effect, "Crution, this product may be hazardous to the health of your water supply." If they won't, presumably somebody else will be showing us all those napkins covered with grape juice and ketchup.

★ "I almost eliminated the chance we had for a good game," observed Spiro T. Agnew after his first round in the Bob Hope Classic. The Vice-President spoke less forthrightly than usual—what he meant was he almost eliminated Doug Sanders, playing in a foursome with Sam-

ders, Senator George Murphy and Hope himself. Agnew hooked his first shot into the rough and shanked his second into Sanders' head, for a one-inch cut and a little blood. The sore was *froid*, however. Sanders' first words to Agnew were, "I hope you've got a lot of insurance."

Governor Claude Kirk of Florida is fond of putting on his University of Florida coach's shirt and pacing along the sidelines at Gator football games, so it hit him kind of hard when the suggestion was made at a recent Southeastern Conference meeting that outsiders—particularly "certain governors"—be barred from the sidelines. "It's aimed right at me!" he fumed, admitting that the chance to get down there during games was one of the things that led him to run for governor in the first place. However, Kirk hasn't said that if the privilege is taken away he'll resign.

John Carlos has announced that he is asking the Philadelphia Eagles for \$1 million, a tidy sum for a 15th-round draft choice who never even played college ball. Carlos, however, considers this minus a plus. "I played a lot of street ball, and that's more



valuable," he says. "You take more knocks and fall on the concrete without shoulder pads and any protection." As for his contract demands, Carlos explains blithely, "I can't see starting at \$400,000 and working up to a million, so I'm starting at a million and working down." Says Eagle General Manager Pete Reulaff, somewhat less blithely, "I need this like a hole in the head. A 15th-round draft choice like Carlos might get a minimum contract of \$12,000." In other

words, it was pointed out, Carlos and the Eagles are at present a mere \$988,000 apart.

◆ Columnist-Playwright Art Buchwald seated a party of his personal friends in the first row of the balcony rather than the orchestra for the New York opening of his play *Sleep on the Runway*, and he reports that some of them thought it wasn't very chic "until Vince Lombardi got there, after which they decided it was all right after all." Chanceswise, arriving with Ethel Kennedy isn't bad either.

"I am not superstitious," Alain Chalonon, French Minister of Equipment and Housing, assured his fans when he drew No. 13 in the first European Parliamentary Ski Championships at Val d'Isère, and thus undaunted he went out to win the 43-gate giant slalom. Chalonon was followed by Britain's Lord Capleton, Dr. Gunter Müller of the Federal German Parliament, the Earl of Limerick and some 100 other parliamentarians from seven countries. A sizable field and a splendid triumph—but then Chalonon has been skiing Val d'Isère for about 30 years.



The power of prayer and a few sharp elbows

Led by two dead-eye evangelists, Ohio University has raised plenty of 'oofs' and 'ughs' with its new blood and guts style of play, which has transformed the school into a national power by PETER CARRY

Usually unnoticed in the geographic isolation of the little town of Athens and the undeserved competitive obscurity of the Mid-American Conference, Ohio University has quietly stepped up as a match for its larger neighbors in the Big Ten. Ohio's 17,400 students make it small by the other league's standards, but it compensates with deeper tradition. OU was founded in 1804, when John Purdue was just 2 years old. From long hair to short skirts, Ohio has as much diversity as any Big Ten university. There are a few potheads and, as the basketball team proves, some good, old-fashioned teetotaling Baptists. Protesters riot and fraternity men rush around the same spicuous greens, the sort of grassy quadrangles that have gone the way of the crew cut and the campuses of some rapidly expanding Big Ten schools.

Green, one of Ohio's team colors, is prevalent indoors, too, particularly in the new \$8.5 million Convocation Center that hules a 356-bed dormitory as well as 13,000 money-green, theater-style seats behind its curved walls. Also lurking in there is one of the better basketball teams in the country, and it is not green at all. What is more, it has been showing up the Big Ten at one of its own games.

Over a 15-day span at the start of the season the Bobcats won at Northwestern, then at home against Purdue and away at Ohio State and Indiana. A later loss, by three points at Wisconsin, left OU's record with the Big Ten at 4-1. Each one of the victories was won with a rugged style that the opponents could recognize as their own.

"Gentleman Jim" Seyder, the Ohio coach, has had that nickname for years, and he still deserves it, despite his team's bruising tactics. With his then weather-beaten face, floppy smile and genuine courtesyness, he would fit in on *Moby-Dick* by merely being himself. He has coached the Bobcats for 20 sea-

sons, but it was not until five years ago that he switched to the Big Ten rough-house game, which now has his team headed for its best record ever.

"We lost a game at West Point a few years ago," he recalls. "They beat us up physically. I decided then that if other people could play that game we could. It took us about four years to get it down, but I think we've learned it."

Learning has often not been pleasant. Ohio's practices resound with loud "ughs" and "oofs" as hodies slam together under the backboards. At least once a day a player wheels out of a melee, gasping for breath and clutching an arm, a leg or his nose.

"I hate playing against the other guys on the team. I just don't like them at all then. But I love playing with them," said 6' 7" Forward Greg McDivitt one day last week. Later, after practice, he pulled off his jersey, noticed a spot of blood and said with a touch of delight, "I wonder whose that is."

Ohio's other forward, Dave Groff—who is called Bubba because he defends about as subtly as the Baltimore Colts' Bubba Smith—McDivitt and 6' 8" Center Craig Love form Ohio's police force. McDivitt, who is quick as well as muscular and has the rare ability to shoot accurately stepping away from the basket, and John Canine, a 6' 2" guard, are the Bobcats' top scorers and evangelists. Canine (rhythms with benign) shoots line-drive jumpers launched from in front of his face. Miraculously, they go in often enough for him to lead the team with a 19.7 scoring average.

Canine's and McDivitt's heresy stops with their unusual shots. Off the court, both are strict Baptists who lean toward the ministry. (Canine's father already belongs.) Their conversations are heavy with references to "witnessing for Christ" and "testifying for God," they pray together before every game, and Canine, who met his wife Pat in church,

speaks for both of them when he puts basketball into a religious context.

"My relationship to Jesus Christ has built confidence in my life. I've found it through prayer and Scripture reading," he says. "I take the world overview that Christ directs everything. I don't mean that he guides the ball into the basket but that he gives me the strength to shoot the ball so it will go in."

With Ohio's top scorers receiving help like that, Toledo should have known it was in for trouble when the Bobcats arrived there last week for the most important game of the Mid-American season. Despite racial upheavals and scholastic difficulties the past three seasons Rocket Coach Bob Nichols masterfully built a championship contender this year, with talent far under Ohio's caliber. Straight off, his team challenged OU with a hard-nosed defense of its own, but the game turned out a typical Ohio win, 80-67. McDivitt and Canine led the scoring with 23 and 23 points, and six Bobcat players finished with four fouls.

After the postgame prayer in the locker room, Gentleman Jim said, "We're grateful for this win." Toledo's Rockets, like Ohio's 15 other victims in 16 games this year, should have been grateful themselves. They escaped from the Bobcats with barely any blood on their shirts.

THE WEEK

MIDEAST Iowa 6' 7" Forward John Johnson is stuck in a groove, and Hawkeye fans could not be more pleased. Four times this season he has scored 33 points in a game. Iowa won three of them, the latest two victories coming last week against Minnesota and Indiana. Iowa won 90-77 and 104-89 to remain undefeated in the Big Ten and take over the lead from Illinois. The Illini, who had previously not lost a conference game, bowed to Wisconsin

66-65 when the Badgers' Albert Henry scored a layup with two seconds to play to give his team its only lead of the game. Minnesota then beat Illinois 82-73.

Notre Dame could have sold out its 11,000 seat field house twice over for its game with Marquette, and after the battle was over it was easy to see why so many people wanted to watch the area's top two independents play. The Irish's Austin Carr, who earlier had scored 44 points in a 135-88 victory over St. Peter's, dazzled the Warriors with 38 points, but Notre Dame's biggest hero in its 96-95 double-overtime win was Forward Tom Sennott. Sennott struck with two long jump shots during the overtimes and, with five seconds remaining in the first extra period and Marquette leading 81-79, he grabbed a deflected Warrior inbound pass and tossed it to Carr. The Irish high scorer laid it in to throw the game into the decisive second overtime.

Kentucky barely maintained its hold on second place in the Southeastern Conference when Guard Terry Mills' 25-foot jumper, with 11 seconds to play, nipped Auburn 84-83. The Wildcats later defeated Mississippi 120-83 to regain a first-place tie with Georgia. The Bulldogs beat nonleague opponent Georgia Tech 74-69 and then clipped SEC rival Vanderbilt 94-90. LSU had its title hopes jolted by Alabama 106-104, despite Pete Maravich's league record of 69 points.

Western Kentucky maintained its two-game lead in the Ohio Valley Conference and improved its record to 15-2 with a 72-60 victory over Middle Tennessee.

1. KENTUCKY (17-3) 2. OHIO U. (16-2)

MIDWEST

"We are the Meis of basketball," said Texas as Christian Coach Johnny Swain. He might be understating his case. The Horned Frogs were picked to finish last in the Southwest Conference, and the prediction looked solid when they suffered a seven-game losing streak earlier this season. Since then TCU has won six in a row and, after Baylor lost 72-71 last week to Rice, has taken over the SWC lead. The Horned Frogs' high-geared fast break burned Texas 80-55 and Texas A&M 84-72 for the team's latest successes, leading Swain to give an unseasonably reason for TCU's surprising turnaround. "We stopped working out so hard," he explained. "I cut down the practice sessions and everybody's legs started coming back. Now we can run-run-run at every break."

Kansas State lost its first game in the Big Eight when it was trapped at Colorado 72-59. The Wildcats' game plan worked well in the first half when they held the Buffaloes' Cliff Meely and Gordon Tope to a total of nine points. But superstitious K-State Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons, who has worn the same purple-and-white-checked trousers, purple blazer and purple-and-white

tie to every game since league play began, ran out of luck in the second period. Meely scored 17 points in the final 20 minutes, and Freddie Shell, who came off the bench to replace Tope, added 12 more for Colorado.

Missouri Valley-leading Drake played outside its league, defeating Tulane 98-92, while second-place Louisville and No. 3 Cincinnati each won twice in the MVC to keep the race close. The Cardinals topped Memphis State 77-48 and North Texas State 71-60. Cincinnati's Bearcats tagged the same teams 77-63 and 84-69, with Jim Ard scoring 34 points against the Tigers and adding 21 more against the Eagles.

Houston blasted small-college-power St. Mary's, which earlier had beaten the Cougars, 118-77. It then pulled out a much tougher win in overtime against Creighton as Jeff Hickmon scored a field goal, made a steal and scored another basket in the closing seconds of the extra period to give Houston its 78-77 victory.

1. DRAKE (16-4) 2. HOUSTON (16-2)

WEST

Nobody in the Pacific Eight wants to help UCLA, but when it comes to breaking the Bruins' string of three consecutive league championships, all the other teams seem helpless. UCLA took undisputed possession of first place with a 66-56 win at Washington. The Huskies were trailing by just four points and were controlling the tempo of play with 5:55 remaining in the game when Guard Bruce Case let the ball slip away to UCLA's Henry Bibby. Bibby immediately converted the error into a three-point play, which clearly swung the momentum UCLA's way. Washington State gave the Bruins' cause an added boost by trouncing Southern Cal, previously undefeated in Pacific Eight play, 89-72. The Cougars' Jim Meredith hit a career high of 32 points, sinking 15 of 19 field-goal attempts.

The home-court advantage at Nelson Fieldhouse and Paul Jepperson's 26 points were not enough for Utah State to stop New Mexico State from taking the game between the West's best independents 95-90. The Aggies trailed until 17:12 remained in the second half, when Jim Collins pumped in a long jumper to give his team a 52-51 edge. Collins, with 17 points, led five New Mexico State players who scored in double figures. The Aggies also defeated Athletics in Action 85-60.

Trouble continues to shadow Brigham Young on the road. The latest flare-up over the racial policies of the Mormon Church occurred during BYU's 94-71 loss at Colorado State. At halftime 150 demonstrators milled onto the court, setting eggs and a fire bomb that sped a trail of flame across the playing floor. Utah got burned, too, at Colorado State, figuratively. The Runnin'

Redskins lost peacefully, however, 89-77, and that was the end of their two-game Western Athletic Conference lead. Earlier Wyoming beat them 98-85.

Santa Clara moved into a first-place tie with Pacific in the West Coast Athletic Conference by defeating Pepperdine 105-72 while the Tigers were losing to Nevada at Las Vegas 100-98. Dennis Awrey hit 23 points in the Broncos' victory to set a school career scoring record of 1,453 points.

1. UCLA (17-0) 2. NEW MEXICO ST. (16-2)

EAST

HAYNSWORTH AND S.C.—BOTH NOT GOOD ENOUGH judged the banners carried by Temple fans when the Owls took on South Carolina last week at Philadelphia's Palestra. The Gamecocks won 79-71, but not before they had almost as many difficulties as their rejected native son. Temple outscored the visitors 9-0 in the last 2:14 of the first half to take a five-point lead to the locker room. Only a hot second period by Gamecock John Roche, who scored 30 of his 34 points in the final 20 minutes, prevented Temple from pulling off the upset.

Back home in the Atlantic Coast Conference, South Carolina had a closer time of it, defeating Clemson 99-52. But the ACC's two surprise teams, North Carolina State and Wake Forest, are now second and fourth behind the Gamecocks and could make life perilous for them. The Wolfpack beat Virginia 71-66 and Maryland 64-54, while the Deacons, helped by Charlie Davis' 41 points, upset North Carolina for the second time, 88-85.

Villanova, whose ball-hawking zone defense is one of the toughest, was outzoned by Providence and upset 54-44. The Friars' energetic all-court press forced the Wildcats into 24 turnovers, nine of them in the final nine minutes, and Providence Guards Jim Larrangan and Vic Colucci scored a total of 32 points.

St. John's visited Rhode Island, too, and the weather was so bad that before the game Redmen Coach Lou Carnesecca said, "Thank goodness we're not here to play baseball. At least basketball cannot be called because of rain." Whereupon, with St. John's leading Rhode 55-40 in the second half, a ventilator blew off the gym roof and the game was called as rain poured through to the floor. St. John's returned the next day to complete its 85-67 victory.

St. Bonaventure had trouble on the road, edging out Toledo 77-71, but set a scoring record at home in beating Belmont Abbey 131-64. Jacksonville romped everywhere it played, nailing Iona 110-75 before traveling to East Carolina and Richmond to register 111-94 and 88-49 victories. Artes Gilmore totaled 83 points in the three wins.

1. S. CAROLINA (17-1) 2. ST. BONA (16-1)

Kidd comes in from the old cold

Was it Captain America or his good friend Billy? It didn't matter, really. Here he came and that was enough. He could have his quiet ways and his long, shaggy hair. He could race purely for himself, against the world, against the Establishment. He could be old by the modern standards of Alpine competition, a hobbling decrepit 26. He could feel alienated from his coach and know that a thing called team spirit was lost somewhere back on the ice and bumps of other mountains or in conference rooms where men in blazers run a sport they seem to know little about. This was *was*, the world ski championships, and here he came, old Easy Rider in a

sweater he had designed himself to look like, well, maybe Peter Fonda's motorcycle; anyhow, here came Billy Kidd out of the past to swipe a bit of glory that no American skier had ever known.

As far as the long-suffering fans of U.S. ski racing were concerned, there could not have been a more beautiful way for the 1970 FIS world meet to get under way in Val Gardena, Italy last week. Billy Kidd, who had carried most of the load before, got us a real live medal in the very first event—the men's slalom—and what this feat represented was the following: the first men's medal ever for an American in the exclusive FIS championships and the first time in history that any male had taken medals in world championships six years apart. It was Kidd, some may remember, who sped to second place in the slalom of the Innsbruck Olympics back in 1964, half a dozen seasons ago.

That victory had come up in the cold snow flurries of a little nook called Luzum in Austria. It also had come at a time when the U.S. Alpine effort had purpose, spirit, a sense of organization—and, certainly, uniforms. Last week's success was wholly different. Kidd skied in the sunshine and scenic splendor of a marvelous northern Italian Dolomite resort, and, by necessity, he had skied on his own terms, in his own uniform and for his own satisfaction.

Billy didn't win the race, of course. The winner is always a Frenchman, a Jean Noel Augert or somebody. He wasn't even second. That, too, is always a Frenchman, a Patrick Russel or somebody. But Kidd was third, taking what we call the bronze, and he was close to first—to be exact, .06 second out of first, or less time than it takes to blink. His finish came so unexpectedly that it will be celebrated long after the roads of Val Gardena get unclogged, all of the *carabinieri* sober up and the wood-carvers go back to their pasta.

Aside from the medal that would carry the U.S. cheerfully through the rest of the championships there was another nifty thing about Kidd's accomplishment. It sent him into the other two events, the giant slalom and the downhill, with at least a chance at the combined title. An American probably should not even think in such grandiose terms, for no chance like this had ever existed before. But it did after the slalom, after Billy got his third, after Karl

Schranz, the Austrian favorite for the combined, didn't finish and was therefore out of contention, and after it suddenly occurred to everybody that the other good slalom finishers, with only a couple of exceptions, aren't all that swift in downhill.

What it meant was that if Kidd could run a decent giant slalom early in the week, he might very well go into next Sunday's downhill with some hope of capturing the FIS combined medal, which carries with it the modest tag of World's Best Skier. No American in Val Gardena could try that thought on for size without reeling toward the nearest bar.

Hardly any ski race is ever staged without confusion and controversy, and these world championships were certainly no different. Most of the early talk in the three villages that make up Val Gardena was about America's clothing problem first, and about the Great Slalom Protest second. If everyone will remember the last chapter, the U.S. team for some mysterious reason had no uniforms. When last seen, aside from Billy Kidd's sweaters, which a French company hastily provided, the team still did not. And this condition was the highlight of the opening ceremonies.

Into Val Gardena's ice stadium marched all of the teams from the 31 nations, parading to the clank and whomp of an Italian band that wore baggy pants and looked like the retreat from Caporetto—but, at that, looked about as good as the Americans. There they were, the Billy Kidds and Kiki Cutters and all, outlined against the black wet-look coats and dark brown bell-bottoms of the French girls, against the fur-lined suede coats and matching hats of the Austrian men, against the camel-colored ennis and white fur hats of the Italians. And what were the Americans wearing? Why, their department-store corduroys and Billy Kidd sweaters, of course.

"How do you feel?" someone asked

Kiki Cutter.

"Shabby and cold," said she.

No one knew exactly where to lay the blame for this embarrassment to the affluence of the Western world—Americans not being properly dressed. And everybody ran around Val Gardena blaming everybody else for a while. But the wonderful thing was, it was a racer, Kidd, with support from Spider Sabich, who took matters into his own hands.



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SKIING *continued*

and at least got some kind of sweaters for the gang to wear.

It was Kidd and Sabieh, too, who were wholeheartedly in support of the Great Slalom Protest, which turned out to be the shortest protest in the history of revolutions. What happened was all 30 of the top-seeded racers decided they shouldn't have to qualify for the slalom finals with all of those Yugoslavs, Russians, Spaniards and whatever who aren't in their class, who had not proved themselves over a long, hard circuit.

They signed a petition and it was presented to the FIS officials, who promptly ruled that, by God, there would be a race regardless. If the smart alecks chose to sit it out that was their misfortune. When a few racers gave in, yielding to various pressures, they all did. Kidd would not have raced, he missed, if Schranz and Russel and the others had hung tight. They didn't. What quietly infuriated Kidd more, and just might have given him some extra incentive for the slalom, was when he heard that the new U.S. coach, Don Henderson, with whom he already had very little rapport, was not behind him. What he heard, in fact, which Henderson verified, was that the coach told the FIS that if any American protested he would be sent home. And as we know now, it would have been rather difficult for Kidd to win a medal, say, on the platform of the train station at Bolzano.

Kidd seemed terribly demoralized before the race. Not only had things been going bad with team morale, but he had reinjured his ankle and didn't think he was in good shape. He had no spectacular results from all of the Wengens and Kitzbühels and such. But if he was piqued, he kept it hidden.

"I'm just going to go like hell in every race and see what happens," he said. "This is my last shot and there's nothing to lose."

The scene of the race must have revved him up a little. It was colossal. The slalom courses were set on a sunny hill that fell into a bridge across a rushing creek. Behind the finish line was this magnificent natural theater that held thousands of spectators tiered upward toward the town of Ortisei. Beautiful girls moved through the throngs exhibiting ski wear and giving away gifts; the funny band played, and banners were hoisted among the crowd in behalf of the French stars and Italy's own Gustav Thoni.

continued

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SKIING *continued*

The first run saw three French and three Americans among the first nine, all of them within two seconds of each other. France's Alain Penz led by a quick turn over Russel, his teammate; Thoni was fourth, Augert fifth and Kidd sixth but less than a second away. In the midst of them was a startling American named Steve Lathrop, only 18, appearing in only his second major race—and who had a start number of 36. From the third seed Lathrop had spun off a 51.38 to Penz's 50.87. Word quickly circulated that Lathrop, a kid from New Hampshire, was a real talent and that his time was no Italian joke. Lathrop would fall in the second run, naturally, but he'd had a great moment and no doubt he shall be hearing more from him.

Between runs Kidd said, "I guess I ski better in big races. It's tough for the older guys to get up for the smaller ones. My ankle feels good, except I had to tape it and I couldn't wear these fantastic new boots I've got. I'm wearing boots that are three years old. It's gonna be quite a second run. The French'll go like hell."

Everyone did. The home crowd got to ponder briefly the delicious idea of Thoni winning a gold medal. He took the early lead with a fast enough run to put some harsh pressure on the racers behind him. But presently Jean-Noel Augert came down and the whole valley moaned when the big board computed his result. Augert had beaten him. Then, although Russel later slipped in ahead of him on the basis of his lead in the first run, Billy Kidd's trip down the mountain was the best of the day and pure art. His interval time wrought an explosion from the sun-splashed thousands. It was the best (until Russel beat his interval time by .01 seconds). And as he continued to curl smoothly through the gates after coming into view—a real technician at work—it was obvious that he was on top of it, as the racers say. With never the scare of a fall or any real difficulty, the old Easy Rider snaked and flowed and sped to the day's fastest run and his bronze medal.

He could not quite overtake the French, but Billy Kidd had come closer to a chunk of skiing gold than any boy-man American yet. He had won a lot for himself and a lot more, inadvertently, for whatever that country is he comes from—the one, you know, without any duds.

END

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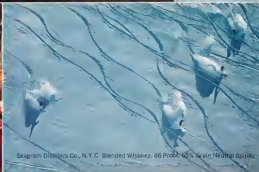
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Vaudeville may be dead but wrestling is alive and well, and the best act going is the soufflé-and-pancake routine of Terry Hall—a combination of moves he executes faster than one can say California State Polytechnic College at San Luis Obispo, which is where Hall is a senior.

Looking at the 5'2½", 118-pound Hall, one would think that if he had any act at all it might be balancing teacups. But when he peels off his warmup suit, takes out his four-tooth bridge and steps on the mat it's obvious where his true vocation lies.

Once on the mat Hall skitters behind his foe, hoists him and dumps him like a sack of flour. That's the soufflé. The pancake is just what it sounds like—the pin that concludes his performance.

"I like to wrestle rough and tough," Hall says. "I don't think you can use just moves and techniques. You have to get

This soufflé always falls

It's the favorite hold of little Terry Hall who, with his big coach, Vaughan Hitchcock, has made Cal Poly the best small-college team

physical. When I do a soufflé I hear the crowd oooh and ahhh, and it gets to me, and I know that my next move will be even stronger. Against Michigan State [an SRO crowd of more than 4,000 turned out for the match at Cal Poly last month], the crowd got me up so much that I forgot how tired I was and kept right on going and won 30-4."

According to his coach, Vaughan Hitchcock, Hall is the most exciting wrestler in the land, and that includes Dan Gable, the Iowa State 142-pounder who has won a record 166 straight matches.

"You can hear them bubble when Terry comes out," Hitchcock says. "Because they know they're going to see something spectacular. The way he picks guys up and swings them around excites people. He's the fastest I've seen in 20 years of watching wrestling, and he's phenomenally strong. Why, he came within a graat's eyebrow of making the Olympic team in 1968."

Winning has become a habit both for Hall, whose college record is 42-2-1, and for Cal Poly, which has been 107-22-1 since Hitchcock took over in 1962. Until

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WRESTLING *continued*

then West Coast wrestling—and California's in particular—had been simply terrible. From 1962 on, however, the Cal Poly Mustangs haven't lost to a California school in 82 matches and for three of the past four years have been NCAA college-division champions. Moreover, last year Cal Poly beat out perennial champion Oklahoma State for fifth place in the NCAA university tournament. And a month ago the Mustangs became the first West Coast team ever to defeat powerful Oklahoma in Norman.

Hatchcock has performed these feats despite having arrived in San Luis Obispo at the worst possible time. Less than two years earlier 16 Cal Poly football players had been killed when their plane crashed on the way home from a game against Bowling Green, a disaster that almost put an end to all sports at the school. Says Hatchcock, "Last year was the first that any of our teams was allowed to fly to any event except the Nationals."

Being unable to fly was actually the least of Hatchcock's troubles. When he arrived in San Luis—locals never add the Obispo—about the most spirited activity was the unending controversy about whether the correct pronunciation was "Loose" or "Lewis."

It was some situation that Hatchcock walked into; almost total campus apathy toward sports, an underfinanced athletic program, a workload that put him in charge of the entire intramural program and a full schedule of PE classes. But he has brought the same measure of success to Cal Poly that he had elsewhere. Hatchcock, who is 36, 6 feet and 210 pounds, has always been a winner. At Washington State he won 38 of 40 wrestling matches, was a guard-linebacker, played in the East-West Shrine game and in 1956 was the school's Athlete of the Year. He was no less successful as a high school wrestling coach, losing only one match in six years.

When Hatchcock got a look at his budget at Cal Poly he thought of going out and blowing it all on a Coke. Instead, he began scrimping. He has often gone from motel to motel to get the lowest possible rate for his team. The Mustangs fly youth fare, which means they are frequently bumped off flights. Indeed, there have been times when one group of wrestlers has been airborne, another has been

boarding a plane and a third group has been waiting for a flight.

Nowadays the only campus event that outdraws wrestling is the annual spring Poly Royal, which attracts 30,000 visitors who come to watch as students show their smarts and demonstrate artificial insemination. Says Lew Cryer of radio station KVEC, "When the wrestling team competes away from home it's not unusual to get 50 calls a night from fans who want to know if we have the final score."

"Wrestling has boomed out here," says Hatchcock. "Why, one of my freshmen wrestled 43 times in high school last year. These boys are good and rugged."

Among the most rugged is 158-pounder John Finch, the possessor of The Steel Band, which in real life serves as his left arm. The strength of The Steel Band borders on campus legend. Spectators roar when Finch puts it to use by clamping an opponent around the midsection and squeezing the breath out of him.

Turned on by Cal Poly's wrestling success, the team's fans have tried to ease its financial plight. To raise money they have sold pizzas and held barbecues. KVEC conducted a radiothon in which donors were promised that their contributions would be picked up in person by their favorite wrestlers. For the next day or two wrestlers seated around town—upstairs, downstairs, ringing doorbells—collected \$1,800.

Despite such stunts and donations from the Mustang Booster Club, wrestling scholarships are almost nonexistent. Out-of-state wrestlers have often called Hatchcock to ask about coming to Cal Poly. These inquiries are invariably brief, for he has to tell the prospects that his budget can't even cover their tuition.

One Hatchcock selling point is his workout room. It will never be mistaken for Joe Namath's pad, but it does have cushioned walls sprayed with a trace of gold and adorned with photographs of the more than three dozen National place-winners Hatchcock has turned out. Only a few aphorisms are posted. One reads: AFTER YOU HAVE MADE YOUR MARK IN THE WORLD, WATCH OUT FOR THE GUYS WITH DASHERS.

Hatchcock and his team have gained such prominence that many of the best high school wrestlers in California come to Cal Poly. Seven of the 1969 state champs are now at San Luis. Two of the

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WRESTLING PROFESSOR

hest are Brendt Noon and Larry Morgan. Both had their pick of scholarships elsewhere and, in fact, Noon, who was unbeaten in 102 high school matches, accepted one at Oklahoma. He spent a month at Oklahoma, then left. "They make you wear shoes and shirts out there," Noon explains only half in jest. He happens to fancy clogs and T shirts.

Morgan was born in Nigeria, where his father, a Baptist minister, was serving as a missionary. He finished high school with a 3.75 academic average, a 170-13 wrestling record, and last year he won the 123.5-pound title at the Junior Olympic World Championships. One reason he chose Cal Poly was because three of his brothers had gone there. Another was "because I think we can be the No. 1 team in the country."

Terry Hall also posed up more lucrative offers, which was doubly difficult because he is black and comes from what Hitchcock calls "the ghetto supreme." As the oldest of 13 children in a family that subsists on welfare, life has been none too gentle for Hall. He is 21, married and has two daughters.

Hall began building his muscles when, at age 12, he took a job laying cement sidewalks. Now his biggest task is keeping his weight down to 118. "If I let go, I go right up to 140," he says. "The last two days before a match I touch almost no food. I use the sauna and the steam room, and I run a lot. Once I lost 13 pounds in 28 hours."

Hall is a compulsive weigher. He keeps pennies handy so he can weigh in at the local Thrifty drugstore or Jordano's supermarket. He is so preoccupied with his weight that he steps on the baggage scales in airports. "I weigh myself 10, 15 times a day," Hall admits.

The night before the college division finals last year Hall had eight pounds to lose. He decided to drop them by running the two miles back and forth from the gym to the campus gardens. It was 10 p.m. when he began running. At midnight he found that all the gym doors had been locked. "I ran back to the gardens and then back to the gym," Hall recalls. "I sat down and then I ran some more, and then I got so tired I crawled. At 7 a.m. they opened the doors for the weigh-in. I was still a half pound over, so I ran another lap."

Hall made weight, went out and won the title. **END**

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Without hockey, the saying goes, the community of Dauphin, Manitoba would freeze to death in winter and nobody would notice until spring. Citizens young and old have the game in their very bones by WILLIAM JOHNSON

The Only Game in Town

It is a night when the Dauphin Kings are playing at home. It is 5° below zero and it is dark and there is a howling prairie wind thrashing the snow about, whipping it up in violent billows off the parking lot, erasing all clear vision and biting a man's cheeks like steel filings. The weather is fit for no man this night, yet here come the cars, headlights bobbing through the whirling gray screen; first one pair of dim globes advances, then another, growing brighter as they move silently through the thick storm. Quite a long string of twin lights comes into sight and eventually there are hundreds of pairs, all drifting to a stop in the lot before they are snapped off. In the snowy darkness crouched black shapes leave the cars and, struggling against the wind as if plodding uphill, finally reach this big building, the hockey arena in this Canadian town. Inside, they stamp their feet as they lurch out of the storm and they grin as if they are surprised that they have found a safe haven, a well-lighted, warm place in Dauphin, Manitoba.

There are hundreds of people in the lobby, familiar faces almost every one. They have all fought the blizzard to be present for the hockey game. Ray Allard, the Ford dealer, Harold McCullum, manager of *The Dauphin Herald* and president of the Kings, Steve Hawrysh, who runs the Blue Belle Lunch and is the Kings' general manager; Staff Sergeant Cliff Kool of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police contingent stationed in Dauphin; Bob Siewczyk, a barrister and solicitor in town; Clarence (Coot) Riehl, who runs the town's recreation program; Bernie Basaraba, the sportscaster for station CKDM ("Voice of Kings—

the Radio Station in the Heart of the Nation"). They mill about and talk, sipping from steaming coffee in paper cups. On one gray, peeling wall of the lobby are shelves with the old trophies, tarnished and dimmed, more of copper than of silver, oddly enough. And next to them are the photographs, framed nicely enough but a bit askew now on the wall. They date way back, to 1903 when a hockey team from Dauphin first won the Baker Cup, awarded to the champion team in the province. People in Dauphin still talk of that Ought Three team, the strong young men in the picture looking terribly stern and utterly confident of their immortality. They are all dead now, of course.

The people in the lobby don't look at the small, old trophies or the fading photographs. They do pay out 25c, though, to get the *Hockey Programme* for the night. They scarcely need it because they've seen what it contains—the photographs and the captions of their Dauphin Kings—many times before during other contests in the Manitoba Junior 'A' League. But they want the *Hockey Programme* because in each one there is a number, and if theirs coincides with the number announced between the periods of the game they will have a chance to play Score-O. That means they can clump out on the ice in their galoshes and, in front of all the folks from Dauphin, try from center ice to send a puck through a small slot in the Score-O board set up in front of the net. It's a tiny slot, and a winner receives a large cash prize.

continued



*Right wing of the Pee Wee Class
Daggers, Dwayne Vasowski, 8, reflects
on his weighty responsibilities.*

No one won it last season, but the people don't mind because the money spent for the *Programme* helps pay the Kings' expenses.

Through the crowd Orville Heschuk, a Dauphin dentist, moves easily, chatting with most everyone as he sells \$1 chances on a game pool that awards winners \$40 and sends \$60 into the coffers of the Kings; everyone knows the Kings need money, so Orville Heschuk has almost no trouble selling all of the chances.

Eventually, nearly 2,500 people arrive for the game at the Dauphin Memorial Community Center Livestock and Skating Arena. They leave the lobby and go into the arena, where they sit shoulder to shoulder on wooden tiers rising around the rink. Above them mammoth laminated beams arch beneath the wooden roof. The sound of the prairie wind can be heard outside. Then the lights go out and the teams line up across the ice and a small floodlight comes on high up in the thick rainbows of the darkened rafters. The spotlight shines on a locally painted portrait of Queen Elizabeth II. Someone turns on a recording of *God Save the Queen* and everyone sings. The anthem drowns out the howl of the blizzard. There is scarcely an empty length of board seat in the arena, and the faces in row after row around the rink make a Canadian mosaic: weathered or wrinkled or plain or pretty or young or grim, they display the hardy, wholesome features of people at home in a demanding environment. And once the first face-off has started the game they are intent, expert in their attention to the nuances of the play and generally quite unashamed of their enthusiasms. Orville Heschuk the dentist bellows, "Skate! skate! skate!" And a white-haired, grandmotherly lady croons quietly to herself, "Go, go, go, go, Kings! Go, go, go!"

Such is the way of hockey in Canada: a life force of winter, an addictive nourishment that simply cannot be forgone. It has sent millions of men and women into innumerable storms to witness the game. And it has sent millions of boys of all ages out into 10,000 deep-gray afternoons, shivering as they clatter along a street on skate blades, headed for a frozen river or a front-yard rink where their blades will strike sparks when they clash against random stones embedded in the ice.

Hockey in Canada is inescapable. Certainly, with bowling alleys and television and curling and snowmobiles and sking and jet-propelled dashes for the affluent to the Algarve or the Caribbean, life is neither quite so remote nor quite so dismal in winter as it was. But hockey is reborn each year of cruel necessity, a product of ice and boredom—just as it was 100 years ago when it was invented by winter-locked British troops of Queen Victoria in the subarctic light of Kingston, Ontario and Halifax, Nova Scotia. The latter-day brilliance of the Bobby Hulls and the Gordie Howes is basically a product of that same dark confinement, of being imprisoned for months in snow-bound towns like Kirkland Lake or The Pas or Gravelbourg.

It is the way an old man in Dauphin put it one afternoon, sitting in the Royal Billiards pool hall, acting as spokesman for a silent row of kibitzers who seemed hypnotized by the snooker game they were watching. The Spokesman said authoritatively, "By God, if we didn't have hockey in Dauphin this whole blamed place could freeze to death in winter and nobody'd notice till spring. This ain't exactly Paris France, you know." The row of kibitzers sneered approvingly at the Spokesman's words, and he sat silent for a moment watching the players. Then he wagged his head at one shooter, a bald old man with skin like parchment and watery eyes blinking from behind an extraordinarily thick pair of spectacles. "That's Mr. Langford," said the Spokesman. "He don't look it, but he's the best goddam pool shooter in town. Seventy-nine years old and no one shoots better'n Mr. Langford, ay?" He gazed at Mr. Langford for a moment and added, "But if we didn't have hockey here in Dauphin, I don't think even Mr. Langford would stay here in the winter. This place ain't exactly Rome Italy, you know."

This place is called Dauphin because in 1741 one François La Vérendrye (probably the first white man to see the Canadian Rockies) named a lake Dauphin after the crown prince of France. The region was not settled until 1883 and Dauphin was not incorporated until 1898, after the settlement had smuggled up against the tracks of the Canadian National Railways and had begun to prosper a bit. It exists on the grand prairie flats of Manitoba, in the central part of the country, 210 miles northwest of Winnipeg; 8,766 people live there.

One of the proud things that has happened in Dauphin over the years is that every single street has been paved. "Not even the buck roads have gravel," said Ray Dicks, secretary-treasurer of the town council. "Not many towns in western Canada can say that, ay?" The people of Dauphin are also proud of the rich, black earth of the region. They call it "that good old Dauphin gumbo." The town has no manufacturing and no major tourist industry, so its economy is based entirely on the farms around it; the wealth of its taxpayers and the health of its children depend on the annual bounty of grain produced by that good old gumbo. If the crop should go sour from too much rain or turn brittle as broomsstraws in a drought, Dauphin would have trouble. The used cars on the lots of Murdoch Chevrolet would sit with motors mute and tires unknocked; diamond rings in the glass cases at Snodgrass Jewellers would sparkle for naught; and even the value of business at George Brayshaw's Riverside Funeral Chapel would decline (although, of course, the volume would not diminish).

But nature has done well by Dauphin in recent years. After the chill rains of April and the brassy skies of July and the dry harvest days of August, the Septembers of Dauphin have almost unwaveringly brought golden oceans of wheat, barley, oats, flax and rye into the bins of the town's

continued

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

10 huge grain elevators. Ah, those wooden elevators—ugly, clumsy, massive—they rise in ranks like primitive cathedrals, Dauphin's only real skyline above the prairie sweep. Once they are filled, once the tons of grain are inside in preparation for shipment to the ports of the world (including, as Dauphin's citizens rather pointedly tell Americans, Red China), then Dauphin can relax, knowing that it has succeeded for another year. But, of course, by the time that has happened it is winter again.

The bitter season is never far gone from Dauphin. There is ice along the banks of the Vermilion River in September and sometimes the year's first snow falls early in October—a biting white dust that swirls across the prairie and drifts along with the dried leaves down Main Street to settle in the doorways of the stores: Marshall-Weils hardware, the Mary-Jayne Shoppe, the Dauphin Meat Market, the Grange Cafe & Chocolate Shoppe. There may be snowbanks by Halloween and winter may not end until one final wet blizzard is flung over the flower beds of May. In between, the days are pale and brief and frozen white. Dauphin, Manitoba is not Paris, France.

"I suppose you could call us stoics," said Helen Marsh, a handsome, graying spinster who publishes the weekly *Dauphin Herald*. "We don't fight the hardships of winter; we don't resign to them, either. We can't do much about it, you know, so we try to go along. There isn't anything to do here in the winter, so we play hockey. After all, we do have all this ice."

The game is all-encompassing. Girls' hockey, for example, was once the rage in Dauphin (Helen Marsh was an agile left wing in the '30s), and it is now making a comeback in town. Middle-aged men play hockey in an organization called the Commercial League; one night each week they huff and puff in pained facsimile of the quick and rugged skaters they were before—before prosperity's demands transformed an average hard-checking defenseman into an average hard-working bank clerk. For those not given to playing the game, there is constant talk about it. At 10 o'clock sharp each morning in the Kings Hotel Coffee Shoppe when many merchants from Main Street come in and shed their greatcoats and stamp the snow from their overshoes and sit down with their thick crockery cups of hot coffee; in the Buffalo Cocktail Lounge in the late afternoon when the stores and offices are shut down and a few men gather for neat shots of Seagram's Seven chased by ginger ale; at late-night suppers in the living rooms of Dauphin's sophisticated set when the college-educated professional men and merchants and their wives gather and in stocking feet sit on the carpet and sip good whisky highballs.

At one time or another during all social gatherings hockey will prevail as the subject of conversation. It is not as if the people of Dauphin are blind to events beyond the hockey rinks of the world. Not at all. But at times hockey does seem rather an overwhelming influence. The young

wife of a doctor new to town was heard to remark last winter, "Well, of course I love the game, but isn't there some gossip?"

Saturday night is a dead spot socially in Dauphin. No hostess would think of scheduling a dinner, a dance or even a lengthy phone call, for it would be a catastrophe of manners. Saturday is NHL Hockey Night on television, and all of Dauphin (indeed, all of Canada) falls into an electronic trance that will not be disturbed. Of course, it is also folly to plan events of significance on nights that the Dauphin Kings are playing at home. The Rotary Club once tried to hold its annual Cheese- and Wine-Tasting Banquet (\$1 a head, open to the public) on the evening of a home game, and it drew a very disappointing crowd.

The commitment to hockey in Dauphin is by no means a matter of hysteria, nor is it a matter of fashion. It has a far sounder, more historical base. "This town has been for hockey ever since this town began," said Bill Cruise, a retired farmer of some 70 years who has lived all his life in Dauphin. "I listen, back when they played seven men on a team—with a rover, you know—people from Dauphin, hundreds of us, would pile into cars, Model Ts and those kind, and we'd drive to other towns for games. We were doing that when the game was still being played on river ice in some places. Dauphin has always been known as a hockey town. We never let our boys down."

Hockey, as celebrated in Dauphin, is as much a kind of ceremonial tradition as it is contemporary entertainment and physical exercise. It is handed down generation to generation; it is even a form of ritual symbolizing initiation to early manhood. "When your boy is getting to be 6 or 7, you kind of start watching him closer," said Vic Berke, an employee of the railroad and an occasional hockey referee. "And they're watching themselves, too, because they know the time for them to start playing hockey is coming. Since they know that you played hockey and probably that their grandfather played hockey and their older brothers are playing hockey, they know their turn's coming up. It's more like a universal thing in Canada even than baseball is in the States. Dr even than soccer in England. It's a national tradition."

For the kids, hockey has no season. Barefoot boys in shorts are seen often, the summer dust of the school playground rising about them while sweat streams down their faces, banging away with hockey sticks at a rubber ball in mid-July. In mid-winter, with a blue twilight falling and a cold weak gleam barely reaching the ground from the street-light, they will be out on the road again, clumping about in their overshoes, sticks clacking and soprano shouts ringing across the dark snow as they try to send a ball into the cardboard box goals they have put on the street.

Such was the scene in Dauphin one bitter evening last winter. Ray Allard, once a good goalie for Dauphin and now a mid-40s dealer in Ford cars, recognized his boy out in the street and he said, "Now, I know those kids

continued

have spent this afternoon playing hockey at the rink. And I know they're all going to the Kings' game tonight. And here they are playing shinny—road hockey. We did it the same way, exactly." He paused, then chuckled. "Well, not exactly. They're using a ball for a puck now, but in my day there were still lots of horses. You couldn't beat a frozen road apple for a readymade shinny puck."

The hockey children of Dauphin have not had to depend entirely on road apples or on roads for a long, long time. In one form or another, they have had organized hockey leagues in that small prairie town for more than 30 years. The program has expanded until now it begins with rosy little 7-year-olds—tykes who squirm in the penalty box as impatiently as if they had been plunked down in a church pew. The leagues include the PeeWee division (ages 7-8), Little NHL (9-10), Tom Thumb (10-12), Bantam A and Bantam B (13-15), and Midgets and Juvenile (for older boys not quite up to the demanding standard of Junior 'A' play). More than 400 kids are involved. This program is orchestrated by Coor Richl, a friendly and unflappable fellow who is able to carry on a normal, low-tension conversation even while raucous youngsters clamor at his knees about "Who do we play next week?" and anxious mothers create a barrage of questions on the phone about whether teams will play if it is snowing in the morning and eager teen-agers line up to apply to referee games (at a salary of 75¢ apiece per game). With a grin Richl says, "Our emphasis here is on quantity, not quality. Period. Everyone gets to play."

To watch a hockey game among the PeeWees of Dauphin is to witness a marvel of miniaturization, for these boys are tiny facsimiles of their own NHL heroes. Their equipment is flawless—as well it should be, since it costs some \$75 for a parent to equip his PeeWee and up to \$150 for a Juvenile. Like tiny, colorful (but oddly powerful-looking) water bugs, they zip and glide about the ice with skating strokes that are both smooth and swift. Some can stickhandle as if they were toy Gordie Howes and all have memorized the proper ritual movements of the pros for certain situations. When they are dispatched to the penalty box, these children do not rage in tantrums nor do they burst into tears. No, with heads bowed and skates moving in that slow step-along stroke of the big-leaguers, they take their punishment like men; it is considered fitting to slam the box door angrily to dramatize the obvious injustice of the penalty. Occasionally they will rage together to fight on the ice in shrill shoving matches that are quite easily broken up by officials; invariably after such a mass show of temper the rink will be littered with tiny PeeWee-sized gloves—all shed automatically in big-league preparation for bare-knuckle battle. Of course, whenever a goal is scored, the child who made it skates about in stately circles, his arms and his stick raised majestically overhead while his mates tap the ice in tribute.

When you ask a batch of Dauphin children to identify

the best hockey player who ever played the game, most call up the obvious—"Hull! Howe! Orr!" Ah, but in a crowd you will also discern a few strange names being praised to the Canadian skies—"Cahoon! Dennis Schick! Buchy! Ronnie Low!"—and, of course, it takes no imagination to realize that these are young men who walk tallest in Dauphin. The Kings! Noble beings.

Junior 'A' hockey is the finest amateur game in Canada, and from its rich lode annually come the top draft choices of the NHL and other pro teams. Some 16,000 boys up to 20 years of age play the game on 80 teams throughout the country. There are eight teams in the Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association league and Dauphin is the smallest town represented—a point of enormous local pride that ranks not far behind those completely paved streets. Although it is called "amateur," such high-caliber hockey is subsidized on a realistic semi-professional basis, and the young princes of the Dauphin Kings are, as a rule, imported from other towns. "In Canada we don't fool around with the impossible idea of pure amateurism," said Gordon Juckes, executive director of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association. "We pay these boys what they need to get along."

For the Dauphin Kings that can amount to a \$50,000 annual operation. Of course, no one gets rich. "My best front line runs me \$555 a month," said Frank Murdoch, the Chevrolet-Olds dealer who doubled last year as Kings president. "We pay room and board and that runs \$70 a month, and we like to give the boys some spending money—maybe \$10, \$25 a week, you know. And those who aren't in school, we get them jobs, ay? Maybe in a gas station or sweeping out a store or clerking. Some of them work hard; some of them only go in to get paid."

Most of the Kings are still in high school (despite their

Youngsters in hockey uniforms ride a pickup truck on Dauphin's



high-octane heroism in town, some are so young they do not shave more than once a week). They are supposed to maintain passing grades and regular attendance like any other student. But mere mortals must always allow an extra margin for greatness. And as A. J. Drebnisky says: "The Kings are good lads, ay? Oh, there are days before big games when they should be in school, but we don't expect them on those days."

Obviously, the whole town has a pretty healthy interaction with the team. Although there was some complaint about the steepness of season-ticket prices last year (\$15 for 17 games, which averages 89¢ a game), people always come hustling to the aid of the Kings. A local constable was reprimanded once for offering to forgo parking tickets for any motorist who would buy a \$1 chance on a TV raffle for the team. There are no copies of schedules to be found on display because, as Frank Murdoch says, "What the hell for? Everyone knows when they play."

Now, there are some communities of North America that are still small enough and still unspoiled by impersonal corporate wealth and a hypertense devotion to progress to provide an old-fashioned opportunity for the existence of a civic soul, a genuine home-town *esprit*. Not your routine Chamber of Commerce "pride," mind you, that ersatz spirit geared to paint a polished image for profit. No, this would be more a burning commitment to the character of a town, a feeling that the whole damn citizenry would be aroused, by God, if they felt that the honor of their home town was compromised. It would seem that Dauphin is just that: a town with an old-fashioned sense of its own honor.

A perfect example occurred one night early last March, during a high-pitch peak of the playoffs in the Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association. Dauphin was playing against

a team from Kenora, Ontario—the Muskies—and it had been a vicious, rocky series. Indeed, the citizens of Dauphin had come to be mightily incensed over the behavior of the Muskies and their fans. "That thing in Kenora the other night was absurd, the most savage damned thing I ever saw on ice," said Frank Murdoch. "I tell you, I didn't think we'd leave with our skins that night. It was disgraceful. A disgrace to Dauphin."

Ah, yes, that night in Kenora. . . . Kenora lies some 300 miles away from Dauphin; about 200 fans had driven down for the game that night. They returned home shocked, shaken by what they had seen and fearful about what was to come. "Oh, I could not believe what I saw," said Dorine Murdoch, wife of the Kings' president. "I left the game in tears. Oh, the language those people used. They were drunk, so many of them. A man in front of me turned around and called me a perfectly filthy name just because I was from Dauphin. I tapped his wife on the shoulder and asked her if she heard what he had said to me. She turned around and said yes she heard it and then she called me an even filthier name. I was so furious I broke out crying."

The game was being broadcast back to Dauphin by Bernie Basaraba over CKDM and, even though Bernie performed heroically despite a volcanic storm of abuse, he was forced at one point to shut off his microphone for a minute or more because a loud and foulmouthed woman was shrieking into it. Bernie, who has played a lot of hockey and broadcasted many games, said afterward, "It was something I hope I'll never see again."

Some fans of the Kenora Muskies brought dead fish to the game and sailed them through the air over the players' heads or flipped them across the ice beneath their skates. Some tossed hot dimes onto the rink and, of course, play had to be stopped to dig them out of the holes they melted in the ice. Someone had smuggled in a live chicken and it was dispatched in crazy squawking circles over the ice. "Once might've been all right," said Farley Hammings, a Dauphin defenseman, "but the damned chicken went out half a dozen times. The referee kept handing him back to the same guy who threw him out."

And then there were the eggs—dozens of them, to hear the appalled Dauphinians tell it. Indeed, the Kings' goalie, Ron Low, said later that he was hit seven times by eggs and that when the eighth one broke against the back of his neck and slipped down inside his uniform he simply skated off the ice even though there was still some time left in the game. The next day, back in Dauphin, Ron went to get his hair cut and the barber laughed as he clipped Low's hair. "Well, Ron n'boy, now we know which came first—the chicken or the egg, ay?"

Well, to add injury to insult, Kenora had won that game 6-2 and now the best-of-seven series was tied 2-2. People were worried about the next game, at Dauphin, partly because they didn't know if the Kings would

continued

Many main street towns are of the town's innumerable games.



win but mostly because they were deeply concerned that enraged Dauphinites might retaliate in kind. Perhaps there would even be blood spilled. On game day Mayor Hugh Dunlop, who operates the radio station, issued a stern statement in *The Dauphin Herald* saying that he had already "had discussions with the RCMP [the Mounties] in relation to tonight's hockey game" and there would be plenty of police around. He also alluded to an under-



Dauphin fans cheer the Kings during playoff with the hated Kenora Muskies.

current of real alarm around town. Frank Murdoch's office had been besieged with warnings that there had been a run on BB pistols in Dauphin, that grocery stores were selling an uncommon volume of eggs and tomatoes, that a hardware store reported it had been completely sold out of metal washers (presumably to be heated and tossed on the ice). Worried, Frank Murdoch stopped by the RCMP barracks himself and came out a bit reassured by the fact that at least a dozen Mounties would be at the game. Then he went to the high school and asked Principal Norris Aitken to warn the kids over the school intercom system that any obstreperous behavior would only harm the team. "Yes, I'll tell them that throwing eggs or forcing the game to stop will only cause the Kings to lose momentum," said Aitken. "They'll understand that."

That night at the arena the crowd gathered early, and there was an uneasy air about the place: unfamiliar expressions of doubt and suspicion were cast upon the homely rugged features of some of the farmers. No one quite knew for sure whether the town itself could be trusted, although as Dave Smitka, manager of the SAAM department store, said: "We pride ourselves on being a well-behaved town. Dauphin is not a place to go off half-cocked." There were some rather nervous attempts at conversation in the lobby.

"I remember they used to throw hot pennies on the ice in the old days to break up the games," said Bill Cruise, the retired farmer.

"Yeah, those were Depression days," said Ray Dicks.

"Oh, no. That was before the Depression," said Cruise.

"In the Depression people never threw pennies—they threw washers. No one could afford to throw pennies."

Ray Dicks laughed. "Yes, and now the worst is hot dimes—you can't see them after they hit the ice. That's a sign of the times—prosperity, ay?—to be throwing dimes."

The people from Dauphin are a good and knowledgeable

hockey crowd, and there wasn't a man, woman or child in Dauphin Memorial Community Center Livestock and Skating Arena that night who didn't agree—in principle, at least—with Mrs. Vogt, the lady who runs the Royal Billiards pool hall. That afternoon she had said to Mr. Langford and the *Spokesman*: "You can't fight and play good hockey, I tell you, it can't be done and we'll do much the better tonight if we all just behave ourselves."

When the Kenora Muskies skated onto the ice, the players' eyes were big as silver dollars and their jaws were clamped tight. Plainly, they were terrified. A furious chorus of boos rose into the arched beams above and many people began to stamp their feet threateningly. A few men rose in their seats and shook their fists. Did this gentle community, which calls itself "The Friendly Town of Beauty and Progress," contain the seeds of riot? As it happened, the Kings were playing like supermen that night and the Muskies were slow and soggy—perhaps semiparalyzed by the atmosphere of intimidation around them. The crowd roared a lot and leaped to its feet often—and ominously, it seemed—at any show of Kenora aggression. But, in the end, not an egg struck the ice and not a chicken squawked and not a BB gun or a washer or a dead fish was to be seen. The few home-scrawled signs that bobbed over the crowd were not very provocative. One said simply: WE HATE FISH. The Kings beat the Muskies that night by a rather humiliating 10-2 score and went on to win the series.

Ed Finch, a soft-spoken constable of the RCMP's Dauphin barracks, said after the game, "Oh, we were ready for most anything, you know. But we knew that this is Dauphin and Dauphin just doesn't come to its hockey games drunk or raise a ruckus when its games are being played. This is not a troublesome town." And, of course, that is the point of honor in a town like Dauphin: not so much that it was roundly offended by the insults in Kenora as that its reaction to those insults was dignified. Constable Finch paused a moment and sucked on his pipe; then, in a very serious tone, as if he were about to reveal the secret of all things good and well-mannered and clean and blessed about Dauphin, he said, "Of course, this is a real good hockey town, ay?"

END



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and that mere mortals could subscribe for only 14¢ a week, 27 weeks for just \$3.87! It was, say the Old Ones, the greatest bargain in Giant Excitement since Jack got a handful of beans.

Sports Illustrated? The magazine, say the legends, was so alive with color and action it would occasionally leap out of your hands and nip at you when you tried to read it.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
TIME & LIFE BUILDING / CHICAGO, ILLINOIS / 60611



Saucy and the Celebrities

by JOHN F. CHANDLER

Nobody can deny that there have been more heavily capitalized racehorse-owning syndicates than the one that owned Saucy (Vaguely Noble was syndicated at \$5 million, Buckpasser at \$4.8 million), but it would be hard to imagine a group in which you could get a piece of a horse cheaper. There were 147 members in the Saucy syndicate, and most of them owned as little as 1/256th of the little filly—an innocent 2-year-old of 1951, the daughter of Whirlaway out of Liberqueen.

Shares of Saucy were passed out liberally at the Derby headquarters of the late C. (Dick) Andrade III of Dallas, who came into Louisville each year on the Sunday before the Kentucky Derby and took up quarters on the 14th floor of the Kentucky Hotel.

Until 1942, Andrade owned a large racing and breeding establishment, some 90 head of mares, yearlings, 2-year-olds, 3-year-olds and so forth. He finally sold out to Clint and Ken Murchison of Dallas, but he never gave up his fondness for the turf. His 14th-floor suite in the Louisville hotel was a place where celebrities hounded around a dime a dozen. The foyer led into a living room, and on each side was a bedroom. Between double beds in the left room they stacked some 15 or 20 cases of bourbon. In the right room the space between the beds was occupied by cases of Scotch.

Any night you'd run into the presiding steward—Andrade—and syndicate members Don Ameche, Stu Erwin, Frank Capra, Jerry Colonna, Howard Hays, Bob Hope, Pat O'Brien, or perhaps Edwin W. Pauley.

Winthrop Rockefeller was in the syndicate, also, Nunnally Johnson, Clem McCarthy, Ted Husing, Temple Hargrove, Bob Considine, John Carmichael, Bing Crosby, Bill Corum, Joe E. Lewis, Grantland Rice, Mike Romanoff, Toots Shor and Randolph Scott. There were Horace Stoneham of the Giants, Carter Joe Stevens, Dan Topping, Adela

Rogers St. Johns, Niles Trammell and General J. Fred Miles of Louisville, who sold his bourbon factory but nailed it down in the contract that, as long as he lived, "General Miles" straight bourbon, 100-proof, was to be manufactured.

One time, Andrade and his Texas pals, Roland Bond, Billy Byars and others, imported the Dividend Band from Steve Valenti's Paddock Lounge in New Orleans to play for a syndicate shindig. Andrade took time out once every hour to bolster the band with bar goodies. About 2 a.m. there was a question whether the hotel's foundation could take it as the band started marching around the hall-room playing "When de saints come marchin' in."

Andrade used to send members of the syndicate special mimeographed bulletins about every two or three weeks advising of Saucy's training progress. She was sent to Washington Park in Chicago to get ready for the races, and her colors were registered as "dark blue hoops, orange sleeves, hooped cap, blue visor." They would have flagged the 20th Century Limited a mile away in the fog.

The first mournful bulletin to the syndicate concerning Saucy's Chicago debut was dated Aug. 22, 1951. Andrade wrote: "Our filly ran three times at Chicago, finishing her first race dead last, showing a little form in her second by being up in the first three during the first half mile and then folding and, in the third race, a dismal failure. Henry McLemore suggests that Saucy, in his opinion, prefers a couch to a racetrack."

Andrade opined that Saucy was a "morning glory," who worked fast in the morning but was likely to flop in the afternoon.

"I thought about working her at night and having the races run in the morning instead of the afternoon, but the various racetracks, for reasons unknown to me, have refused this modest request."

Andrade asked the famous Calumet trainer, Ben Jones, to take a look at

Saucy in Chicago. Ben wrote she had been running out of her class and seemed underweight, adding: "You can always use her for a broodmare because she is well-bred and has beautiful conformation and a beautiful pair of eyes."

A "Secret Committee," which Andrade often referred to but never identified, finally decided to send Saucy to Saratoga under the care of Trainer Walter Kelley. The next bulletin from Andrade reported that one syndicate member had sent Saucy a case of Saratoga mineral water.

"This should undoubtedly improve her health, and I feel that by associating with the fashionable element at Saratoga she will improve herself socially and should acquire considerable poise," the bulletin noted.

Andrade ended that bulletin with "Since reading this letter over, I have been thinking to myself—what the hell does Ben Jones know about racehorses anyway?"

Saucy never raced at Saratoga, but her trainer brought her to old Aqueduct on Long Island that fall. On the afternoon the syndicate's pride and joy was to make her New York debut, he visited the press box. "Don't bet on her—she's not quite ready," was his advice to all hands.

Several syndicate members among the press corps wouldn't buy that.

"She's our horse and we've got to go along," said the late Joe Palmer, famed racing editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*. This writer also sent along and bravely placed a minimum \$2 bet on "our horse."

Well, with Jockey Jimmy Picou riding for his life—it seemed—Saucy "took command at the break" of the six-furlong race and, as the chart caller put it, she "maintained a clear advantage in the drive under punishment." She won by a length from Fiery Trail. The ground was running out fast at the end of the race, timed in 1:13², but Saucy collected \$2,275 for the syndicate from the \$5,000 purse. Her backers collected \$58.10, \$21.70 and \$9.30 across the board.

A few days later, Bobby Thomson of the New York Giants hit his famous ninth-inning homer with two on off Ralph Branca of the Brooklyn Dodgers to win the National League pennant in a playoff. That set up the Subway World Series between the Giants and Yankees, and hundreds of celebrities flocked to

New York. Among them, of course, were many Saucy owners.

Gene Leone, operator of the celebrated Italian restaurant on West 48th Street, a one-eighth owner (Andrade and some Texas friends also had an eighth), decided there should be a Saucy victory dinner at his place, and on the house. Syndicate members had been issued how ties, in the brilliant blue and orange colors, and most wore them at the party. Beverages were stacked high; the tables were loaded with never-ending courses. The only thing missing was Saucy herself.

"Our Little Darlin romped in her first time out at Aqueduct," said Dick's special bulletin under the heading: SAUCY SCORES!! OUR BABY WINS!! GENE LEONE GIVES TERRIFIC VICTORY BANQUET!!

Then he added "Saucy ran again at Belmont and was up in front at the half mile and then put her ears back and quit, coming in dead last. One thing you have to admire about our filly—there is no halfway business with Saucy."

Ameshe was master of ceremonies at the victory banquet, where Joe E. Lewis is told about seeing Saucy run in Chicago. He "never spent a more agonizing 25 minutes, watching her strive to cross the finish line." He went on to say that, "if the jockey hadn't been using the whip so vociferously, the mosquitoes were so bad they would have eaten up Saucy and the jockey."

Clippings and letters on Saucy adorned the restaurant walls, and the Secret Committee voted top honors to a note from Bing Crosby.

"Dear Dick," the Greener wrote, "I am in receipt of your recent doleful ditty relating the dismaying events which have befallen the fleet filly Saucy. I am not surprised I have been too long around the racetracks to be surprised. What amazed me was the disclosure that several timorous souls have withdrawn the pleasant comfort of their financial support. Not me. I backed Dewey, California in the Rose Bowl and the Pittsburgh Pirates, and I will go down swinging with you and Saucy if it costs me 25 or 30 dollars. Let those purse-proud poltroons keep their loot in backyard tomato cans. I spread what I got around a little. Just the knowledge that I may some day become buddy-buddies with such social giants as Mike Romanoff, John Peroni and Henry McLemore ce-

ments my allegiance to their association. Just as a hedge, however, when my tab reaches \$100 take my bull out of the rack. Assuring you again of my limited support, and with warmest regards—Yours, Bing. P.S. Everett, I think, stole my Saucy necktie!"

When the New York racing season closed, Saucy was sent to Florida where she won a six-furlong race on Dec. 4, beating Cookie K and Up High, among others, in 1:14 and paying \$9.60 for \$2.

Syndicate members in New Orleans, California and elsewhere began clamoring for Saucy to race at their tracks, but a decision was deferred by the Secret Committee because she had already traveled from Kentucky to Chicago, to Saratoga, New York City and then to Florida.

She ran again on Dec. 12, Andrade reported, "and, as she walked by the odds board, she was surprised to note that she was a 5-to-2 favorite. This disgusted her no end, so she said to herself: 'I can't get my boys well on that kind of a price,' and in spite of Jimmy Picou's urgings Saucy (being a stubborn sort of gal) had made her decision and she just refused to come in first—she actually came in last in a race in which 10 horses ran."

Saucy ran once in 1952 as a 3-year-old, but never got close, and the Secret Committee went into session again.

Andrade wrote in February 1952 that Saucy was almost claimed in 1951 at Belmont Park, and "I don't want the syndicate to lose her for a small claim... she might well spend the next five or six years or more on second-rate racetracks around the country. Another thing, if Saucy decided not to run, she could hurt us all betting on her."

A consultation of minds followed, and the bulletin explained that it would be desirable to retire Saucy. Leone owns a large farm in Central Valley, N.Y., not far from West Point. Syndicate members were polled and voted to send Our Little Darlin to pasture and future motherhood. When the syndicate members voted to close out, they each received a check for 71¢ profit after expenses.

Few cashed the checks, and for months Andrade wrote imploring members to do so—his secretary was going crazy trying to balance the bank account. "A lot of you guys," he wrote, "are in brackets where this deduction is likely to be important."

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GRAVE MATTER

Sirs:

For several years I have been an avid subscriber-reader of your fine magazine. It is my personal belief that you have provided sportsmen and nonsportsmen alike with a tremendous wealth of informative material. No article, however, has been more provocative or enlightening than Lord Ritchie-Calder's *Mortgage the Old Homestead* (Feb. 2). The pollution and erosion of our environment through human means is the gravest matter of our time and well worth the concern of any journalistic publication, especially one concerned with sport and its relation to man.

As a writer, I was greatly moved by this article. As a human being I am greatly ashamed that mankind is pursuing the course it has at present set for itself. I am happy to see that the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* have spoken out through Lord Ritchie-Calder's article for those of us who wish to preserve the earth as we know it. I hope others will take notice and see, smell and hear that, as Lord Ritchie-Calder wrote, "We have mortgaged the old homestead and nature is liable to foreclose."

MICHAEL RITZ

Hollywood

Sirs:

Lord Ritchie-Calder's low-key, unemotional discussion of the destruction of our environment certainly touched all the bases. The implications are chilling, especially when one realizes how essential it is that we have rapport and communication between the scientific and political leaders of the world—to a degree that has never before existed.

It is indeed gratifying to see your fine publication doing its part to keep us aware of the problems—and, hopefully, the solutions.

KARL W. GLANDER

Indianapolis

Sirs:

After reading Lord Ritchie-Calder's article I was left with the feeling that man has reached a critical point in his history. The worldwide pollution problem must be faced and conquered if we are to continue enjoying the magnificence of our dwindling open spaces. This can only be accomplished with the utmost cooperation among the peoples of cities, states and nations.

We will certainly progress, because it is in our nature to look for newer, if not always better, ways of living and expressing ourselves. However, man should try to develop an unselfish perspective, one that recognizes the fact that there are other creatures on this planet also.

It is a public service for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to devote valuable space to articles like Ritchie-Calder's. Perhaps you will help to awaken the human race to confront this menace of pollution and to right the wrongs which we have committed.

WILLIAM KISZISTYNAK

Fulton, N.Y.

Sirs:

I agree with you. The reprinting of *Mortgage the Old Homestead* deserves the widest readership.

One of the poignant thoughts: "When the device exploded at Alamogordo on July 16, 1945, and made a notch mark in history from which Man's future would be dated, the safebreakers had cracked the lock of the nucleus before the locksmiths knew how it worked."

It is ironic as well as extremely sad that our so-called "best minds" have invented the devices that have befouled our beautiful earth. Our earth is now damaged to almost the point of no return.

EARL B. COYLE

Washington

Sirs:

My compliments to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Lord Ritchie-Calder for his concise and perceptive look at our environment. Rightfully, it was a gloomy picture, but without suggested solutions. Man must profit from two great mistakes he has made: 1) his ridiculous and absurd attempt to "beat" the environment into submission with chemicals; and 2) his failure to appropriate money for biological scientific control rather than chemical control. The average graduate school student is much more likely to go into the chemical or atomic industry than the environmental-control field because of grants given to these schools for chemical research. Our answers lie in subtle biological aids, not in poisonous chemicals and ruthless clubbing. Only when mankind is willing to sacrifice his absurd fascination for chemicals and atoms and look toward Rachel Carson's "Other Road" of biological and chemical sophistication can we avoid disaster.

HAL GOODRICH

Granville, Ohio

Sirs:

To your excellent article on the destruction of the environment, let me add, as a postscript, a quote contained in an article by Dr. Paul Ehrlich, "Tco-Catastrophe" in *Ramparts*, "It is the top of the ninth inning. Man, always a threat to the plate, has been hitting Nature hard. It is im-

portant to remember, however, that *Nature hits last*."

JEFFREY BAKER

Rochester, Mich.

Sirs:

The article was, to say the least, very interesting. I am 14 years old and if we keep polluting the world my children won't live to have children.

You can see many effects of pollution in this area. The foggy mornings when you can see the pollution, the dirty Fox River with algae where my mother once was able to swim.

In Chicago you can see smoke pouring out of factories. Most times when you go there, you can't even see the top of the John Hancock building, and it smells horrible.

I hope in the future you will have more articles like this.

MICHAEL KELSEY

Cary, Ill.

Sirs:

Your *Mortgage the Old Homestead* is the best article, and the most important, I've read for years. Please make it available in reprints.

T. W. MARSHALL

Danver

NOT DA KINE

Sirs:

Re Mrs. Robert Gilroy's letter (19th Hole, Feb. 2), how long could Mrs. Gilroy have possibly lived in Hawaii to refer to something so absurdly imaginary as "Primo beer cans"? She obviously prefers mai-tais and such, so popular with the little old kamaaina ladies, because otherwise she'd know that Primo comes in bottles and there is no such thing as a Primo beer can.

PHILIP DAMON

Honolulu

LIBERATED LIBRARIANS

Sirs:

I object strenuously to Reader W. C. Young's comment (19th Hole, Jan. 26) about "repressive librarians who threaten to cancel their subscriptions because of the 'obscene' pictures." I'm a librarian and I wear those kinds of sweaters. Go back to the library, Mr. Young, you'll see we've changed.

KAREN LINBERG

Shreveport, La.

RUNNING LOOSE

Sirs:

Congratulations on William Johnson's great series on TV's impact upon sports.

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

(Dec. 22 et seq.) We are a sports-minded people who have gained much from our commitment. And we have long passed the point when we can continue to let television run loose throughout our nation, propelled by little but irresponsible corporate greed.

The Kerner Commission showed us that TV contributed to deteriorating race relations. The Eisenhower Commission has documented its impact upon violence. Joe McGinniss (*The Selling of the President 1968*) has revealed its takeover of the very political fiber of our national life. William Johnson's analysis of TV's distortion of our sports heritage ranks with these studies. It is a high contribution to general public understanding of television's appalling failure to deliver even a small percentage of its vast potential for improving the quality of American life.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON

Member

Federal Communications Commission
Washington

TIME TO ACT

Says

I applied your editorial of Jan. 26 (SCHOOL) in which you justly condemn the NCAA for the excessive punishments handed down to Yale and San Jose State. The actions taken in these two cases furnish ample evidence of the irrational thinking that goes on in the minds of NCAA President Walter Byers and the rest of the association's leadership. These two incidents demonstrate the manner in which the NCAA has subordinated the welfare of the college athlete to a chance for another victory in its long feud with the AAU, another organization guilty of indulging in such selfish politics. How many more years must the NCAA-AAU war prevent the U.S. from fielding the best teams in international competition?

An answer to these questions might be found in a proposal offered by the late General Douglas MacArthur when he served as mediator in the NCAA-AAU dispute in January 1963. MacArthur suggested that following the 1964 Olympic Games, the President of the United States might call an athletic congress into being. Such a congress, composed of representatives of athletic associations, leading athletes, educators and sports writers, would devise a permanent plan under which American participation in international games would be governed. The unjust suspensions of Yale and San Jose State clearly show that the time has come for those interested in amateur athletics to request the formation of such a congress by President Nixon.

ROBERT A. WOOD

Princeton, N.J.

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